

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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## *The Four Georges.*

SKETCHES OF MANNERS, MORALS, COURT, AND TOWN LIFE.

### III.—GEORGE THE THIRD.



WE have to glance over sixty years in as many minutes. To read the mere catalogue of characters who figured during that long period, would occupy our allotted time, and we should have all text and no sermon. England has to undergo the revolt of the American colonies; to submit to defeat and separation; to shake under the volcano of the French Revolution; to grapple and fight for the life with her gigantic enemy Napoleon; to gasp and rally after that tremendous struggle. The old society, with its courtly splendours, has to pass away; generations of statesmen to rise and disappear; Pitt to follow Chatham to the tomb; the memory of Rodney and Wolfe

to be superseded by Nelson's and Wellington's glory; the old poets who unite us to Queen Anne's time to sink into their graves; Johnson to die, and Scott and Byron to arise; Garrick to delight the world with his dazzling dramatic genius, and Kean to leap on the stage and take possession of the astonished theatre. Steam has to be invented; kings to be beheaded, banished, deposed, restored; Napoleon to be but an episode,

and George III. is to be alive through all these varied changes, to accompany his people through all these revolutions of thought, government, society; to survive out of the old world into ours.

When I first saw England, she was in mourning for the young Princess Charlotte, the hope of the empire. I came from India as a child, and our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me a long walk over rocks and hills until we reached a garden, where we saw a man walking. "That is he," said the black man: "that is Bonaparte! He eats three sheep every day, and all the little children he can lay hands on!" There were people in the British dominions besides that poor Calcutta serving-man, with an equal horror of the Corsican ogre.

With the same childish attendant, I remember peeping through the colonnade at Carlton House, and seeing the abode of the great Prince Regent. I can see yet the Guards pacing before the gates of the place. The place? What place? The palace exists no more than the palace of Nebuchadnezzar. It is but a name now. Where be the sentries who used to salute as the Royal chariots drove in and out? The chariots, with the kings inside, have driven to the realms of Pluto; the tall Guards have marched into darkness, and the echoes of their drums are rolling in Hades. Where the palace once stood, a hundred little children are paddling up and down the steps to St. James's Park. A score of grave gentlemen are taking their tea at the Athenæum Club; as many grisly warriors are garrisoning the United Service Club opposite. Pall Mall is the great social Exchange of London now—the mart of news, of politics, of scandal, of rumour—the English forum, so to speak, where men discuss the last despatch from the Crimea, the last speech of Lord Derby, the next move of Lord John. And, now and then, to a few antiquarians, whose thoughts are with the past rather than with the present, it is a memorial of old times and old people, and Pall Mall is our Palmyra. Look! About this spot, Tom of Ten Thousand was killed by Königsmark's gang. In that great red house Gainsborough lived, and Culloden Cumberland, George III.'s uncle. Yonder is Sarah Marlborough's palace, just as it stood when that termagant occupied it. At 25, Walter Scott used to live; at the house, now No. 79, and occupied by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, resided Mrs. Eleanor Gwynn, comedian. How often has Queen Caroline's chair issued from under yonder arch! All the men of the Georges have passed up and down the street. It has seen Walpole's chariot and Chatham's sedan; and Fox, Gibbon, Sheridan, on their way to Brookes's; and stately William Pitt stalking on the arm of Dundas; and Hanger and Tom Sheridan reeling out of Raggett's; and Byron limping into Wattier's; and Swift striding out of Bury Street; and Mr. Addison and Dick Steele, both perhaps a little the better for liquor; and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York clattering over the pavement; and Johnson counting the posts along the streets, after dawdling before Dodsley's window; and Horry Walpole hobbling into his

carriage, with a gimcrack just bought out at Christie's; and George Selwyn sauntering into White's.

In the published letters to George Selwyn we get a mass of correspondence by no means so brilliant and witty as Walpole's, or so bitter and bright as Hervey's, but as interesting, and even more descriptive of the time, because the letters are the work of many hands. You hear more voices speaking, as it were, and more natural than Horace's dandified treble, and Sporus's malignant whisper. As one reads the Selwyn letters—as one looks at Reynolds's noble pictures illustrative of those magnificent times and voluptuous people—one almost hears the voice of the dead past; the laughter and the chorus; the toast called over the brimming cups; the shout at the racecourse or the gaming-table; the merry joke frankly spoken to the laughing fine lady. How fine those ladies were, those ladies who heard and spoke such coarse jokes; how grand those gentlemen!

I fancy that peculiar product of the past, the fine gentleman, has almost vanished off the face of the earth, and is disappearing like the beaver or the Red Indian. We can't have fine gentlemen any more, because we can't have the society in which they lived. The people will not obey: the parasites will not be as obsequious as formerly: children do not go down on their knees to beg their parents' blessing: chaplains do not say grace and retire before the pudding: servants do not say your honour and your worship at every moment: tradesmen do not stand hat in hand as the gentleman passes: authors do not wait for hours in gentlemen's ante-rooms with a fulsome dedication, for which they hope to get five guineas from his lordship. In the days when there were fine gentlemen, Mr. Secretary Pitt's under-secretaries did not dare to sit down before him; but Mr. Pitt, in his turn, went down on his gouty knees to George II.; and when George III. spoke a few kind words to him, Lord Chatham burst into tears of reverential joy and gratitude; so awful was the idea of the monarch, and so great the distinctions of rank. Fancy Lord John Russell or Lord Palmerston on their knees whilst the Sovereign was reading a despatch, or beginning to cry because Prince Albert said something civil!

At the accession of George III., the patricians were yet at the height of their good fortune. Society recognized their superiority, which they themselves pretty calmly took for granted. They inherited not only titles and estates, and seats in the House of Peers, but seats in the House of Commons. There were a multitude of Government places, and not merely these, but bribes of actual 500*l.* notes, which members of the House took not much shame in assuming. Fox went into Parliament at 20: Pitt was just of age: his father not much older. It was the good time for Patricians. Small blame to them if they took and enjoyed, and over-enjoyed, the prizes of politics, the pleasures of social life.

In these letters to Selwyn, we are made acquainted with a whole society of these defunct fine gentlemen: and can watch with a curious interest a life, which the novel-writers of that time, I think, have scarce

touched upon. To Smollett, to Fielding even, a lord was a lord : a gorgeous being with a blue ribbon, a coroneted chair, and an immense star on his bosom, to whom commoners paid reverence. Richardson, a man of humbler birth than either of the above two, owned that he was ignorant regarding the manners of the aristocracy, and besought Mrs. Donnellan, a lady who had lived in the great world, to examine a volume of Sir Charles Grandison, and point out any errors which she might see in this particular. Mrs. Donnellan found so many faults, that Richardson changed colour ; shut up the book ; and muttered that, it were best to throw it in the fire. Here, in Selwyn, we have the real original men and women of fashion of the early time of George III. We can follow them to the new club at Almack's : we can travel over Europe with them : we can accompany them not only to the public places, but to their country-houses and private society. Here is a whole company of them ; wits and prodigals ; some persevering in their bad ways ; some repentant, but relapsing ; beautiful ladies, parasites, humble chaplains, led captains. Those fair creatures whom we love in Reynolds's portraits, and who still look out on us from his canvasses with their sweet calm faces and gracious smiles—those fine gentlemen who did us the honour to govern us ; who inherited their boroughs : took their ease in their patent places ; and slipped Lord North's bribes so elegantly under their ruffles—we make acquaintance with a hundred of these fine folks, hear their talk and laughter, read of their loves, quarrels, intrigues, debts, duels, divorces ; can fancy them alive if we read the book long enough. We can attend at Duke Hamilton's wedding, and behold him marry his bride with the curtain-ring : we can peep into her poor sister's death-bed : we can see Charles Fox cursing over the cards, or March bawling out the odds at Newmarket : we can imagine Burgoyne tripping off from St. James's Street to conquer the Americans, and slinking back into the club somewhat crestfallen after his beating : we can see the young king dressing himself for the drawing-room and asking ten thousand questions regarding all the gentlemen : we can have high life or low, the struggle at the Opera to behold the Violetta or the Zamperini—the Macaronies and fine ladies in their chairs trooping to the masquerade or Madame Cornelys's—the crowd at Drury Lane to look at the body of Miss Ray, whom Parson Hackman has just pistolled—or we can peep into Newgate where poor Mr. Rice the forger is waiting his fate and his supper. "You need not be particular about the sauce for his fowl," says one turn-key to another : "for you know he is to be hanged in the morning." "Yes," replies the second janitor, "but the chaplain sups with him, and he is a terrible fellow for melted butter ?"

Selwyn has a chaplain and parasite, one Dr. Warner, than whom Plautus, or Ben Jonson, or Hogarth, never painted a better character. In letter after letter he adds fresh strokes to the portrait of himself, and completes a portrait not a little curious to look at now that the man has passed away ; all the foul pleasures and gambols in which he revelled, played out ; all the rouged faces into which he leered, worms and skulls ;



all the fine gentlemen whose shoebuckles he kissed, laid in their coffins. This worthy clergyman takes care to tell us that he does not believe in his religion, though, thank heaven, he is not so great a rogue as a lawyer. He goes on Mr. Selwyn's errands, any errands, and is proud, he says, to be that gentleman's proveditor. He waits upon the Duke of Queensberry—old Q.—and exchanges pretty stories with that aristocrat. He comes home “after a hard day's christening,” as he says, and writes to his patron before sitting down to whist and partridges for supper. He revels in the thoughts of ox-cheek and burgundy—he is a boisterous, uproarious parasite, licks his master's shoes with explosions of laughter and cunning smack and gusto, and likes the taste of that blacking as much as the best claret in old Q.'s cellar. He has Rabelais and Horace at his greasy fingers' ends. He is inexpressibly mean, curiously jolly; kindly and good-natured in secret—a tender-hearted knave, not a venomous lickspittle. Jesse says, that at his chapel in Long Acre, “he attained a considerable popularity by the pleasing, manly, and eloquent style of his delivery.” Was infidelity endemic, and corruption in the air? Around a young king, himself of the most exemplary life and undoubted piety, lived a court society as dissolute as our country ever knew. George II.'s bad morals bore their fruit in George III.'s early years; as I believe that a knowledge of that good man's example, his moderation, his frugal simplicity, and God-fearing life, tended infinitely to improve the morals of the country and purify the whole nation.

After Warner, the most interesting of Selwyn's correspondents is the Earl of Carlisle, grandfather of the amiable nobleman at present Viceroy in Ireland. The grandfather, too, was Irish Viceroy, having previously been treasurer of the king's household; and, in 1778, the principal commissioner for treating, consulting, and agreeing upon the means of quieting the divisions subsisting in his majesty's colonies, plantations, and possessions in North America. You may read his lordship's manifestoes in the *Royal New York Gazette*. He returned to England, having by no means quieted the colonies; and speedily afterwards the *Royal New York Gazette* somehow ceased to be published.

This good, clever, kind, highly-bred Lord Carlisle was one of the English fine gentlemen who was well-nigh ruined by the awful debauchery and extravagance which prevailed in the great English society of those days. Its dissoluteness was awful: it had swarmed over Europe after the Peace; it had danced, and raced, and gambled in all the courts. It had made its bow at Versailles; it had run its horses on the plain of Sablons, near Paris, and created the Anglo-mania there: it had exported vast quantities of pictures and marbles from Rome and Florence: it had ruined itself by building great galleries and palaces for the reception of the statues and pictures: it had brought over singing-women and dancing-women from all the operas of Europe, on whom my lords lavished their thousands, whilst they left their honest wives and honest children languishing in the lonely, deserted splendours of the castle and park at home.

Besides the great London society of those days, there was another unacknowledged world, extravagant beyond measure, tearing about in the pursuit of pleasure; dancing, gambling, drinking, singing; meeting the real society in the public places (at Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Ridotto, about which our old novelists talk so constantly), and outvying the real leaders of fashion in luxury, and splendour, and beauty. For instance, when the famous Miss Gunning visited Paris as Lady Coventry, where she expected that her beauty would meet with the applause which had followed her and her sister through England, it appears she was put to flight by an English lady still more lovely in the eyes of the Parisians. A certain Mrs. Pitt took a box at the opera opposite the countess; and was so much handsomer than her ladyship, that the parterre cried out that this was the real English angel, whereupon Lady Coventry quitted Paris in a huff. The poor thing died presently of consumption, accelerated, it was said, by the red and white paint with which she plastered those luckless charms of hers. (We must represent to ourselves all fashionable female Europe, at that time, as plastered with white, and raddled with red). She left two daughters behind her, whom George Selwyn loved (he was curiously fond of little children), and who are described very drolly and pathetically in these letters, in their little nursery, where passionate little Lady Fanny, if she had not good cards, flung hers into Lady Mary's face; and where they sate conspiring how they should receive a new mother-in-law whom their papa presently brought home. They got on very well with their mother-in-law, who was very kind to them; and they grew up, and they were married, and they were both divorced afterwards—poor little souls! Poor painted mother, poor society, ghastly in its pleasures, its loves, its revelries!

As for my lord commissioner, we can afford to speak about him; because, though he was a wild and weak commissioner at one time, though he hurt his estate, though he gambled and lost ten thousand pounds at a sitting—"five times more" says the unlucky gentleman, "than I ever lost before;" though he swore he never would touch a card again; and yet, strange to say, went back to the table and lost still more: yet he repented of his errors, sobered down, and became a worthy peer and a good country gentleman, and returned to the good wife and the good children whom he had always loved with the best part of his heart. He had married at one-and-twenty. He found himself, in the midst of a dissolute society, at the head of a great fortune. Forced into luxury, and obliged to be a great lord and a great idler, he yielded to some temptations, and paid for them a bitter penalty of manly remorse; from some others he fled wisely, and ended by conquering them nobly. But he always had the good wife and children in his mind, and they saved him. "I am very glad you did not come to me the morning I left London," he writes to G. Selwyn, as he is embarking for America. "I can only say, I never knew till that moment of parting, what grief was." There is no parting now, where they are. The faithful wife, the kind, generous gentleman,

have left a noble race behind them : an inheritor of his name and titles, who is beloved as widely as he is known ; a man most kind, accomplished, gentle, friendly, and pure ; and female descendants occupying high stations and embellishing great names ; some renowned for beauty, and all for spotless lives, and pious, matronly virtues.

Another of Selwyn's correspondents is the Earl of March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry, whose life lasted into this century ; and who certainly as earl or duke, young man or greybeard, was not an ornament to any possible society. The legends about old Q. are awful. In Selwyn, in Wraxall, and contemporary chronicles, the observer of human nature may follow him, drinking, gambling, intriguing to the end of his career ; when the wrinkled, palsied, toothless old Don Juan died, as wicked and unrepentant as he had been at the hottest season of youth and passion. There is a house in Piccadilly, where they used to show a certain low window at which old Q. sat to his very last days, ogling through his senile glasses the women as they passed by.

There must have been a great deal of good about this lazy, sleepy George Selwyn, which, no doubt, is set to his present credit. "Your friendship," writes Carlisle to him, "is so different from anything I have ever met with or seen in the world, that when I recollect the extraordinary proofs of your kindness, it seems to me like a dream." "I have lost my oldest friend and acquaintance, G. Selwyn," writes Walpole to Miss Berry : "I really loved him, not only for his infinite wit, but for a thousand good qualities." I am glad, for my part, that such a lover of cakes and ale should have had a thousand good qualities—that he should have been friendly, generous, warm-hearted, trustworthy. "I rise at six," writes Carlisle to him, from Spa (a great resort of fashionable people in our ancestors' days), "play at cricket till dinner, and dance in the evening, till I can scarcely crawl to bed at eleven. There is a life for you ! You get up at nine ; play with Raton your dog till twelve, in your dressing-gown ; then creep down to White's ; are five hours at table ; sleep till supper-time ; and then make two wretches carry you in a sedan-chair, with three pints of claret in you, three miles for a shilling." Occasionally, instead of sleeping at White's, George went down and snoozed in the House of Commons by the side of Lord North. He represented Gloucester for many years, and had a borough of his own, Ludgershall, for which, when he was too lazy to contest Gloucester, he sat himself. "I have given directions for the election of Ludgershall to be of Lord Melbourne and myself," he writes to the Premier, whose friend he was, and who was himself as sleepy, as witty, and as good-natured as George.

If, in looking at the lives of princes, courtiers, men of rank and fashion, we must perforce depict them as idle, profligate, and criminal, we must make allowances for the rich men's failings, and recollect that we, too, were very likely indolent and voluptuous, had we no motive for work, a mortal's natural taste for pleasure, and the daily temptation of a large income. What could a great peer, with a great castle and park, and a great

fortune, do but be splendid and idle? In these letters of Lord Carlisle's from which I have been quoting, there is many a just complaint made by the kind-hearted young nobleman of the state which he is obliged to keep; the magnificence in which he must live; the idleness to which his position as a peer of England bound him. Better for him had he been a lawyer at his desk, or a clerk in his office;—a thousand times better chance for happiness, education, employment, security from temptation. A few years since the profession of arms was the only one which our nobles could follow. The church, the bar, medicine, literature, the arts, commerce, were below them. It is to the middle class we must look for the safety of England: the working educated men, away from Lord North's bribery in the senate; the good clergy not corrupted into parasites by hopes of preferment; the tradesmen rising into manly opulence; the painters pursuing their gentle calling; the men of letters in their quiet studies; these are the men whom we love and like to read of in the last age. How small the grandees and the men of pleasure look beside them! how contemptible the story of the George III. court squabbles are beside the recorded talk of dear old Johnson! What is the grandest entertainment at Windsor, compared to a night at the club over its modest cups, with Percy, and Langton, and Goldsmith, and poor Bozzy at the table? I declare I think, of all the polite men of that age, Joshua Reynolds was the finest gentleman. And they were good, as well as witty and wise, those dear old friends of the past. Their minds were not debauched by excess, or effeminate with luxury. They toiled their noble day's labour: they rested, and took their kindly pleasure: they cheered their holiday meetings with generous wit and hearty interchange of thought: they were no pruders, but no blush need follow their conversation: they were merry, but no riot came out of their cups. Ah! I would have liked a night at the Turk's Head, even though bad news had arrived from the colonies, and Doctor Johnson was growling against the rebels; to have sat with him and Goldy; and to have heard Burke, the finest talker in the world; and to have had Garrick flashing in with a story from his theatre!—I like, I say, to think of that society; and not merely how pleasant and how wise, but how *good* they were. I think it was on going home one night from the club that Edmund Burke—his noble soul full of great thoughts, be sure, for they never left him; his heart full of gentleness—was accosted by a poor wandering woman, to whom he spoke words of kindness; and, moved by the tears of this Magdalen, perhaps having caused them by the good words he spoke to her, he took her home to the house of his wife and children, and never left her until he had found the means of restoring her to honesty and labour. O you fine gentlemen! you Marches, and Selwyns, and Chesterfields, how small you look by the side of these great men! Good-natured Carlisle plays at cricket all day, and dances in the evening "till he can scarcely crawl," gaily contrasting his superior virtue with George Selwyn's, "carried to bed by two wretches at midnight with three pints of claret in him." Do you remember the verses—the

sacred verses—which Johnson wrote on the death of his humble friend, Levett?

“Well tried through many a varying year,  
See Levett to the grave descend;  
Officious, innocent, sincere,  
Of every friendless name the friend.

“In misery’s darkest cavern known,  
His useful care was ever nigh,  
Where hopeless anguish poured the groan,  
And lonely want retired to die.

“No summons mocked by chill delay,  
No petty gain disdained by pride,  
The modest wants of every day  
The toil of every day supplied.

“His virtues walked their narrow round,  
Nor made a pause, nor left a void:  
And sure the Eternal Master found  
His single talent well employed.”

Whose name looks the brightest now, that of Queensberry the wealthy duke, or Selwyn the wit, or Levett the poor physician?

I hold old Johnson (and shall we not pardon James Boswell some errors for embalming him for us?) to be the great supporter of the British monarchy and church during the last age—better than whole benches of bishops, better than Pitts, Norths, and the great Burke himself. Johnson had the ear of the nation: his immense authority reconciled it to loyalty, and shamed it out of irreligion. When George III. talked with him, and the people heard the great author’s good opinion of the sovereign, whole generations rallied to the king. Johnson was revered as a sort of oracle; and the oracle declared for church and king. What a humanity the old man had! He was a kindly partaker of all honest pleasures: a fierce foe to all sin, but a gentle enemy to all sinners. “What, boys, are you for a frolic?” he cries, when Topham Beauclerc comes and wakes him up at midnight: “I’m with you.” And away he goes, tumbles on his homely old clothes, and trundles through Covent Garden with the young fellows. When he used to frequent Garrick’s theatre, and had “the liberty of the scenes,” he says, “All the actresses knew me, and dropped me a curtsy as they passed to the stage.” That would make a pretty picture: it is a pretty picture in my mind, of youth, folly, gaiety, tenderly surveyed by wisdom’s merciful, pure eyes.

George III. and his queen lived in a very unpretending but elegant-looking house, on the site of the hideous pile under which his granddaughter at present reposes. The king’s mother inhabited Carlton House, which contemporary prints represent with a perfect paradise of a garden, with trim lawns, green arcades, and vistas of classic statues. She admired these in company with my Lord Bute, who had a fine classic taste, and sometimes council took and sometimes tea in the pleasant green arbours along with that polite nobleman. Bute was hated with a rage of which



there have been few examples in English history. He was the butt for everybody's abuse; for Wilkes's devilish mischief; for Churchill's slashing satire; for the hooting of the mob that roasted the boot, his emblem, in a thousand bonfires; that hated him because he was a favourite and a Scotchman, calling him "Mortimer," "Lothario," I know not what names, and accusing his royal mistress of all sorts of crimes—the grave, lean, demure, elderly woman, who, I daresay, was quite as good as her neighbours. Chatham lent the aid of his great malice to influence the popular sentiment against her. He assailed, in the House of Lords, "the secret influence, more mighty than the throne itself, which betrayed and clogged every administration." The most furious pamphlets echoed the cry. "Impeach the king's mother," was scribbled over every wall at the Court end of the town, Walpole tells us. What had she done? What had Frederick, Prince of Wales, George's father, done, that he was so loathed by George II. and never mentioned by George III.? Let us not seek for stones to batter that forgotten grave, but acquiesce in the contemporary epitaph over him:—

"Here lies Fred,  
Who was alive, and is dead.  
Had it been his father,  
I had much rather.  
Had it been his brother,  
Still better than another.

Had it been his sister,  
No one would have missed her.  
Had it been the whole generation,  
Still better for the nation.  
But since 'tis only Fred,  
Who was alive, and is dead,  
There's no more to be said."

The widow with eight children round her, prudently reconciled herself with the king, and won the old man's confidence and good-will. A shrewd, hard, domineering, narrow-minded woman, she educated her children according to her lights, and spoke of the eldest as a dull, good boy. She kept him very close: she held the tightest rein over him: she had curious prejudices and bigotries. His uncle, the burly Cumberland, taking down a sabre once, and drawing it to amuse the child—the boy started back and turned pale. The prince felt a generous shock: "What must they have told him about me?" he asked.

His mother's bigotry and hatred he inherited with the courageous obstinacy of his own race; but he was a firm believer where his fathers had been free-thinkers, and a true and fond supporter of the Church, of which he was the titular defender. Like other dull men, the king was all his life suspicious of superior people. He did not like Fox; he did not like Reynolds; he did not like Nelson, Chatham, Burke; he was testy at the idea of all innovations, and suspicious of all innovators. He loved mediocrities; Benjamin West was his favourite painter; Beattie was his poet. The king lamented, not without pathos, in his after life, that his education had been neglected. He was a dull lad brought up by narrow-minded people. The cleverest tutors in the world could have done little probably to expand that small intellect, though they might have improved his tastes, and taught his perceptions some generosity.

But he admired as well as he could. There is little doubt that a

letter, written by the little Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz,—a letter containing the most feeble commonplaces about the horrors of war, and the most trivial remarks on the blessings of peace, struck the young monarch greatly, and decided him upon selecting the young princess as the sharer of his throne. I pass over the stories of his juvenile loves—of Hannah Lightfoot, the Quaker, to whom they say he was actually married (though I don't know who has ever seen the register)—of lovely black-haired Sarah Lennox, about whose beauty Walpole has written in raptures, and who used to lie in wait for the young prince, and make hay at him on the lawn of Holland House. He sighed and he longed, but he rode away from her. Her picture still hangs in Holland House, a magnificent master-piece of Reynolds, a canvass worthy of Titian. She looks from the castle window, holding a bird in her hand, at black-eyed young Charles Fox, her nephew. The royal bird flew away from lovely Sarah. She had to figure as bridesmaid at her little Mecklenburg rival's wedding, and died in our own time a quiet old lady, who had become the mother of the heroic Napiers.

They say the little princess who had written the fine letter about the horrors of war—a beautiful letter without a single blot, for which she was to be rewarded, like the heroine of the old spelling-book story—was at play one day with some of her young companions in the gardens of Strelitz, and that the young ladies' conversation was, strange to say, about husbands. "Who will take such a poor little princess as me?" Charlotte said to her friend, Ida von Bulow, and at that very moment the postman's horn sounded, and Ida said, "Princess! there is the sweetheart." As she said, so it actually turned out. The postman brought letters from the splendid young King of all England, who said, "Princess! because you have written such a beautiful letter, which does credit to your head and heart, come and be Queen of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and the true wife of your most obedient servant, George!" So she jumped for joy; and went upstairs and packed all her little trunks; and set off straightway for her kingdom in a beautiful yacht, with a harpsichord on board for her to play upon, and around her a beautiful fleet, all covered with flags and streamers, and the distinguished Madame Auerbach complimented her with an ode, a translation of which may be read in the *Gentleman's Magazine* to the present day:—

"Her gallant navy through the main,  
Now cleaves its liquid way.  
There to their queen a chosen train  
Of nymphs due reverence pay.

"Europa, when conveyed by Jove  
To Crete's distinguished shore,  
Greater attention scarce could prove,  
Or be respected more."

They met, and they were married, and for years they led the happiest, simplest lives sure ever led by married couple. It is said the king winced when he first saw his homely little bride; but, however that may be, he

was a true and faithful husband to her, as she was a faithful and loving wife. They had the simplest pleasures—the very mildest and simplest—little country dances, to which a dozen couple were invited, and where the honest king would stand up and dance for three hours at a time to one tune; after which delicious excitement they would go to bed without any supper (the Court people grumbling sadly at that absence of supper), and get up quite early the next morning, and perhaps the next night have another dance; or the queen would play on the spinnet—she played pretty well, Haydn said—or the king would read to her a paper out of the *Spectator*, or perhaps one of Ogden's sermons. O Arcadia! what a life it must have been! There used to be Sunday drawing-rooms at Court; but the young king stopped these, as he stopped all that godless gambling whereof we have made mention. Not that George was averse to any innocent pleasures, or pleasures which he thought innocent. He was a patron of the arts, after his fashion; kind and gracious to the artists whom he favoured, and respectful to their calling. He wanted once to establish an Order of Minerva for literary and scientific characters; the knights were to take rank after the knights of the Bath, and to sport a straw-coloured ribbon and a star of sixteen points. But there was such a row amongst the *litterati* as to the persons who should be appointed, that the plan was given up, and Minerva and her star never came down amongst us.

He objected to painting St. Paul's, as Popish practice; accordingly, the most clumsy heathen sculptures decorate that edifice at present. It is fortunate that the paintings, too, were spared, for painting and drawing were wofully unsound at the close of the last century; and it is far better for our eyes to contemplate whitewash (when we turn them away from the clergyman) than to look at Opie's pitchy canvasses, or Fuseli's livid monsters. And yet there is one day in the year—a day when old George loved with all his heart to attend it—when I think St. Paul's presents the noblest sight in the whole world: when five thousand charity children, with cheeks like nosegays, and sweet, fresh voices, sing the hymn which makes every heart thrill with praise and happiness. I have seen a hundred grand sights in the world—coronations, Parisian splendours, Crystal Palace openings, Pope's chapels with their processions of long-tailed cardinals and quavering choirs of fat sopranis—but think in all Christendom there is no such sight as Charity Children's Day. *Non Angli, sed angeli*. As one looks at that beautiful multitude of innocents: as the first note strikes: indeed one may almost fancy that cherubs are singing.

Of church music the king was always very fond, showing skill in it both as a critic and a performer. Many stories, mirthful and affecting, are told of his behaviour at the concerts which he ordered. When he was blind and ill he chose the music for the Ancient Concerts once, and the music and words which he selected were from *Samson Agonistes*, and all had reference to his blindness, his captivity, and his affliction. He would beat time with his music-roll as they sang the anthem in the Chapel Royal.

If the page below was talkative or inattentive, down would come the music-roll on young scapegrace's powdered head. The theatre was always his delight. His bishops and clergy used to attend it, thinking it no shame to appear where that good man was seen. He is said not to have cared for Shakspeare or tragedy much; farces and pantomimes were his joy; and especially when clown swallowed a carrot or a string of sausages, he would laugh so outrageously that the lovely Princess by his side would have to say, "My gracious monarch, do compose yourself." But he continued to laugh, and at the very smallest farces, as long as his poor wits were left him.

There is something to me exceedingly touching in that simple early life of the king's. As long as his mother lived—a dozen years after his marriage with the little spinnet-player—he was a great, shy, awkward boy, under the tutelage of that hard parent. She must have been a clever, domineering, cruel woman. She kept her household lonely and in gloom, mistrusting almost all people who came about her children. Seeing the young Duke of Gloucester silent and unhappy once, she sharply asked him the cause of his silence. "I am thinking," said the poor child. "Thinking, sir! and of what?" "I am thinking if ever I have a son I will not make him so unhappy as you make me." The other sons were all wild, except George. Dutifully every evening George and Charlotte paid their visit to the king's mother at Carlton House. She had a throat-complaint, of which she died; but to the last persisted in driving about the streets to show she was alive. The night before her death the resolute woman talked with her son and daughter-in-law as usual, went to bed, and was found dead there in the morning. "George, be a king!" were the words which she was for ever croaking in the ears of her son: and a king the simple, stubborn, affectionate, bigoted man tried to be.

He did his best; he worked according to his lights; what virtue he knew, he tried to practise; what knowledge he could master, he strove to acquire. He was for ever drawing maps, for example, and learned geography with no small care and industry. He knew all about the family histories and genealogies of his gentry, and pretty histories he must have known. He knew the whole *Army List*; and all the facings, and the exact number of the buttons, and all the tags and laces, and the cut of all the cocked hats, pigtails, and gaiters in his army. He knew the *personnel* of the Universities; what doctors were inclined to Socinianism, and who were sound Churchmen; he knew the etiquettes of his own and his grandfather's courts to a nicety, and the smallest particulars regarding the routine of ministers, secretaries, embassies, audiences; the humblest page in the ante-room, or the meanest helper in the stables or kitchen. These parts of the royal business he was capable of learning, and he learned. But, as one thinks of an office, almost divine, performed by any mortal man—of any single being pretending to control the thoughts, to direct the faith, to order the implicit obedience of brother millions, to compel them into war

at his offence or quarrel ; to command, "In this way you shall trade, in this way you shall think ; these neighbours shall be your allies whom you shall help, these others your enemies whom you shall slay at my orders ; in this way you shall worship God ;"—who can wonder that, when such a man as George took such an office on himself, punishment and humiliation should fall upon people and chief ?

Yet there is something grand about his courage. The battle of the king with his aristocracy remains yet to be told by the historian who shall view the reign of George more justly than the trumpery panegyrists who wrote immediately after his decease. It was he, with the people to back him, who made the war with America ; it was he and the people who refused justice to the Roman Catholics ; and on both questions he beat the patricians. He bribed : he bullied : he darkly dissembled on occasion : he exercised a slippery perseverance, and a vindictive resolution, which one almost admires as one thinks his character over. His courage was never to be beat. It trampled North under foot : it beat the stiff neck of the younger Pitt : even his illness never conquered that indomitable spirit. As soon as his brain was clear, it resumed the scheme, only laid aside when his reason left him : as soon as his hands were out of the strait waistcoat, they took up the pen and the plan which had engaged him up to the moment of his malady. I believe, it is by persons believing themselves in the right, that nine-tenths of the tyranny of this world has been perpetrated. Arguing on that convenient premiss, the Dey of Algiers would cut off twenty heads of a morning ; Father Dominic would burn a score of Jews in the presence of the Most Catholic King, and the Archbishops of Toledo and Salamanca sing Amen. Protestants were roasted, Jesuits hung and quartered at Smithfield, and witches burned at Salem, and all by worthy people, who believed they had the best authority for their actions. And so, with respect to old George, even Americans, whom he hated and who conquered him, may give him credit for having quite honest reasons for oppressing them. Appended to Lord Brougham's biographical sketch of Lord North are some autograph notes of the king, which let us most curiously into the state of his mind. "The times certainly require," says he, "the concurrence of all who wish to prevent anarchy. I have no wish but the prosperity of my own dominions, therefore I must look upon all who would not heartily assist me as bad men, as well as bad subjects." That is the way he reasoned. "I wish nothing but good, therefore every man who does not agree with me is a traitor and a scoundrel." Remember that he believed himself anointed by a Divine commission ; remember that he was a man of slow parts and imperfect education ; that the same awful will of Heaven which placed a crown upon his head, which made him tender to his family, pure in his life, courageous and honest, made him dull of comprehension, obstinate of will, and at many times deprived him of reason. He was the father of his people ; his rebellious children must be flogged into obedience. He was the defender of the Protestant faith ; he would rather lay that stout head upon the block



than that Catholics should have a share in the government of England. And you do not suppose that there are not honest bigots enough in all countries to back kings in this kind of statesmanship? Without doubt the American war was popular in England. In 1775 the address in favour of coercing the colonies was carried by the 304 to 105 in the Commons, by 104 to 29 in the House of Lords. Popular?—so was the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes popular in France: so was the massacre of St. Bartholomew: so was the Inquisition exceedingly popular in Spain.

Wars and revolutions are, however, the politician's province. The great events of this long reign, the statesmen and orators who illustrated it,\* I do not pretend to make the subjects of an hour's light talk. Let us return to our humbler duty of court gossip. Yonder sits our little queen, surrounded by many stout sons and fair daughters whom she bore to her faithful George. The history of the daughters, as little Miss Burney has painted them to us, is delightful. They were handsome—she calls them beautiful; they were most kind, loving, and lady-like; they were gracious to every person, high and low, who served them. They had many little accomplishments of their own. This one drew: that one played the piano: they all worked most prodigiously, and fitted up whole suits of rooms—pretty, smiling Penelopes,—with their busy little needles. As we

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\* Here are the figures, as drawn by young Gilray, of Lord North, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Burke.



LORD NORTH.

MR. FOX.

picture to ourselves the society of eighty years ago, we must imagine hundreds of thousands of groups of women in great high caps, tight bodies, and full skirts, needling away, whilst one of the number, or perhaps a favoured gentleman in a pigtail, reads out a novel to the company. Peep into the cottage at Olney, for example, and see there Mrs. Unwin and Lady Hesketh, those high-bred ladies, those sweet, pious women, and William Cowper, that delicate wit, that trembling pietist, that refined gentleman, absolutely reading out Jonathan Wild to the ladies! What a change in our manners, in our amusements, since then!

King George's household was a model of an English gentleman's household. It was early; it was kindly; it was charitable; it was frugal; it was orderly; it must have been stupid to a degree which I shudder now to contemplate. No wonder all the princes ran away from the lap of that dreary domestic virtue. It always rose, rode, dined at stated intervals. Day after day was the same. At the same hour at night the king kissed his daughters' jolly cheeks; the princesses kissed their mother's hand; and Madame Thielke brought the royal nightcap. At the same hour the equerries and women in waiting had their little dinner, and cackled over their tea. The king had his backgammon or his evening concert; the equerries yawned themselves to death in the anteroom; or the king and his family walked on Windsor slopes, the king holding his darling little princess Amelia by the hand; and the people crowded round quite good-naturedly; and the Eton boys thrust their chubby cheeks under the crowd's elbows; and the concert over, the king never failed to take his enormous cocked hat off, and salute his band, and say, "Thank you, gentlemen."



MR. PITT

MR. BURKE.

A quieter household, a more prosaic life than this of Kew or Windsor, cannot be imagined. Rain or shine, the king rode every day for hours; poked his red face into hundreds of cottages round about, and showed that shovel hat and Windsor uniform to farmers, to pig-boys, to old women making apple dumplings; to all sorts of people, gentle and simple, about whom countless stories are told. Nothing can be more undignified than these stories. When Haroun Alraschid visits a subject incog., the latter is sure to be very much the better for the caliph's magnificence. Old George showed no such royal splendour. He used to give a guinea sometimes: sometimes feel in his pockets and find he had no money: often ask a man a hundred questions; about the number of his family, about his oats and beans, about the rent he paid for his house, and ride on. On one occasion he played the part of King Alfred, and turned a piece of meat with a string at a cottager's house. When the old woman came home, she found a paper with an enclosure of money, and a note written by the royal pencil: "Five guineas to buy a jack." It was not splendid, but it was kind and worthy of Farmer George. One day, when the king and queen were walking together, they met a little boy—they were always fond of children, the good folks,—and patted the little white head. "Whose little boy are you?" asks the Windsor uniform. "I am the king's beef-eater's little boy," replied the child. On which the king said, "Then, kneel down, and kiss the queen's hand." But the innocent offspring of the beef-eater declined this treat. "No," said he, "I won't kneel, for if I do, I shall spoil my new breeches." The thrifty king ought to have hugged him and knighted him on the spot. George's admirers wrote pages and pages of such stories about him. One morning, before anybody else was up, the king walked about Gloucester town; pushed over Molly the housemaid who was scrubbing the doorsteps with her pail; ran up-stairs and woke all the equerries in their bedrooms; and then trotted down to the bridge, where, by this time, a dozen of louts were assembled. "What! is this Gloucester New Bridge?" asked our gracious monarch; and the people answered him, "Yes, your Majesty." "Why, then, my boys," said he, "let us have a huzzay!" After giving them which intellectual gratification, he went home to breakfast. Our fathers read these simple tales with fond pleasure; laughed at these very small jokes; liked the old man who poked his nose into every cottage; who lived on plain wholesome roast and boiled; who despised your French kickshaws; who was a true hearty old English gentleman. You may have seen Gilray's famous print of him—in the old wig, in the stout old hideous Windsor uniform—as the King of Brobdingnag, peering at a little Gulliver, whom he holds up in his hand, whilst in the other he has an opera-glass, through which he surveys the pigmy? Our fathers chose to set up George as the type of a great king; and the little Gulliver was the great Napoleon. We prided ourselves on our prejudices; we blustered and bragged with absurd vain-glory; we dealt to our enemy a monstrous injustice of contempt and scorn; we fought him with all weapons, mean as well as heroic. There was no

lie we would not believe; no charge of crime which our furious prejudice would not credit. I thought at one time of making a collection of the lies which the French had written against us, and we had published against them during the war: it would be a strange memorial of popular falsehood.

Their majesties were very sociable potentates: and the Court Chronicler tells of numerous visits which they paid to their subjects, gentle and simple: with whom they dined; at whose great country-houses they stopped; or at whose poorer lodgings they affably partook of tea and bread-and-butter. Some of the great folks spent enormous sums in entertaining their sovereigns. As marks of special favour, the king and queen sometimes stood as sponsors for the children of the nobility. We find Lady Salisbury was so honoured in the year 1786: and in the year 1802, Lady Chesterfield. The *Court News* relates how her ladyship received their majesties on a state bed "dressed with white satin and a profusion of lace: the counterpane of white satin embroidered with gold, and the bed of crimson satin lined with white." The child was first brought by the nurse to the Marchioness of Bath, who presided as chief nurse. Then the marchioness handed baby to the queen. Then the queen handed the little darling to the Bishop of Norwich, the officiating clergyman: and, the ceremony over, a cup of caudle was presented by the earl to his majesty on one knee, on a large gold waiter, placed on a crimson velvet cushion. Misfortunes would occur in these interesting genuflectory ceremonies of royal worship. Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe, a very fat, puffy man, in a most gorgeous court-suit, had to kneel, Cumberland says, and was so fat and so tight that he could not get up again. "Kneel, sir, kneel!" cried my lord in waiting to a country mayor who had to read an address, but who went on with his compliment standing. "Kneel, sir, kneel!" cries my lord, in dreadful alarm. "I can't!" says the mayor, turning round; "don't you see I have got a wooden leg?"

In the capital *Burney Diary and Letters*, the home and court life of good old King George and good old Queen Charlotte are presented at portentous length. The king rose every morning at six: and had two hours to himself. He thought it effeminate to have a carpet in his bedroom. Shortly before eight, the queen and the royal family were always ready for him, and they proceeded to the king's chapel in the castle. There were no fires in the passages: the chapel was scarcely alight: princesses, governesses, equerries grumbled and caught cold: but cold or hot, it was their duty to go: and, wet or dry, light or dark, the stout old George was always in his place to say amen to the chaplain.

The queen's character is represented in *Burney* at full length. She was a sensible, most decorous woman; a very grand lady on state occasions, simple enough in ordinary life; well read as times went, and giving shrewd opinions about books; stingy, but not unjust; not generally unkind to her dependants, but invincible in her notions of etiquette, and quite angry if her people suffered ill-health in her service. She gave Miss Burney a shabby pittance, and led the poor young woman a life which

well-nigh killed her. She never thought but that she was doing Burney the greatest favour, in taking her from freedom, fame, and competence, and killing her off with languor in that dreary court. It was not dreary to her. Had she been servant instead of mistress, her spirit would never have broken down: she never would have put a pin out of place, or been a moment from her duty. *She* was not weak, and she could not pardon those who were. She was perfectly correct in life, and she hated poor sinners with a rancour such as virtue sometimes has. She must have had awful private trials of her own: not merely with her children, but with her husband, in those long days about which nobody will ever know anything now; when he was not quite insane; when his incessant tongue was babbling folly, rage, persecution; and she had to smile and be respectful and attentive under this intolerable ennui. The queen bore all her duties stoutly, as she expected others to bear them. At a State christening, the lady who held the infant was tired and looked unwell, and the Princess of Wales asked permission for her to sit down. "Let her stand," said the queen, flicking the snuff off her sleeve. *She* would have stood, the resolute old woman, if she had had to hold the child till his beard was grown. "I am seventy years of age," the queen said, facing a mob of ruffians who stopped her sedan: "I have been fifty years queen of England, and I never was insulted before." Fearless, rigid, unforgiving little queen! I don't wonder that her sons revolted from her.

Of all the figures in that large family group which surrounds George and his queen, the prettiest, I think, is the father's darling, the Princess Amelia, pathetic for her beauty, her sweetness, her early death, and for the extreme passionate tenderness with which her father loved her. This was his favourite amongst all the children: of his sons, he loved the Duke of York best. Burney tells a sad story of the poor old man at Weymouth, and how eager he was to have this darling son with him. The king's house was not big enough to hold the prince; and his father had a portable house erected close to his own, and at huge pains, so that his dear Frederick should be near him. He clung on his arm all the time of his visit; talked to no one else; had talked of no one else for some time before. The prince, so long expected, stayed but a single night. He had business in London the next day, he said. The dulness of the old king's court stupefied York and the other big sons of George III. They scared equerries and ladies, frightened the modest little circle, with their coarse spirits and loud talk. Of little comfort, indeed, were the king's sons to the king.

But the pretty Amelia was his darling; and the little maiden, prattling and smiling in the fond arms of that old father, is a sweet image to look on. There is a family picture in Burney, which a man must be very hard-hearted not to like. She describes an after-dinner walk of the royal family at Windsor:—"It was really a mighty pretty procession," she says. "The little princess, just turned of three years old, in a robe-coat covered with fine muslin, a dressed close cap, white gloves, and fan, walked on alone



and first, highly delighted with the parade, and turning from side to side to see everybody as she passed; for all the terracers stand up against the walls, to make a clear passage for the royal family the moment they come in sight. Then followed the king and queen, no less delighted with the joy of their little darling. The Princess Royal leaning on Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, the Princess Augusta holding by the Duchess of Ancaster, the Princess Elizabeth led by Lady Charlotte Bertie, followed. Office here takes place of rank," says Burney,—to explain how it was that Lady E. Waldegrave, as lady of the bed-chamber, walked before a duchess;—"General Bude, and the Duke of Montague, and Major Price as equerry, brought up the rear of the procession." One sees it: the band playing its old music, the sun shining on the happy, loyal crowd; and lighting the ancient battlements, the rich elms, and purple landscape, and bright greensward; the royal standard drooping from the great tower yonder; as old George passes, followed by his race, preceded by the charming infant, who caresses the crowd with her innocent smiles.

"On sight of Mrs. Delany, the king instantly stopped to speak to her; the queen, of course, and the little princess, and all the rest, stood still. They talked a good while with the sweet old lady, during which time the king once or twice addressed himself to me. I caught the queen's eye, and saw in it a little surprise, but by no means any displeasure, to see me of the party. The little princess went up to Mrs. Delany, of whom she is very fond, and behaved like a little angel to her. She then, with a look of inquiry and recollection, came behind Mrs. Delany to look at me. 'I am afraid,' said I, in a whisper, and stooping down, 'your Royal Highness does not remember me?' Her answer was an arch little smile, and a nearer approach, with her lips pouted out to kiss me."

The princess wrote verses herself, and there are some pretty plaintive lines attributed to her, which are more touching than better poetry:—

"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,  
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung:  
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,  
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain:  
Concluding, in those hours of glee,  
That all the world was made for me.

"But when the hour of trial came,  
When sickness shook this trembling frame,  
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,  
And I could sing and dance no more,  
It then occurred, how sad 'twould be  
Were this world only made for me."

The poor soul quitted it—and ere yet she was dead the agonized father was in such a state, that the officers round about him were obliged to set watchers over him, and from November, 1810, George III. ceased to reign. All the world knows the story of his malady: all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of

reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse Hombourg—amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast—the star of his famous Order still idly shining on it. He was not only sightless: he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had; in one of which, the queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.

What preacher need moralize on this story; what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. "O brothers," I said to those who heard me first in America—"O brothers! speaking the same dear mother tongue—O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest: dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries, 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

'Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass—he hates him  
That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer!'

Hush! Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, Trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, Dark Curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!

## "Unto this Last."

### II.—THE VEINS OF WEALTH.

THE answer which would be made by any ordinary political economist to the statements contained in the preceding paper, is in few words as follows :—

"It is indeed true that certain advantages of a general nature may be obtained by the development of social affections. But political economists never professed, nor profess, to take advantages of a general nature into consideration. Our science is simply the science of getting rich. So far from being a fallacious or visionary one, it is found by experience to be practically effective. Persons who follow its precepts do actually become rich, and persons who disobey them become poor. Every capitalist of Europe has acquired his fortune by following the known laws of our science, and increases his capital daily by an adherence to them. It is vain to bring forward tricks of logic, against the force of accomplished facts. Every man of business knows by experience how money is made, and how it is lost."

Pardon me. Men of business do indeed know how they themselves made their money, or how, on occasion, they lost it. Playing a long-practised game, they are familiar with the chances of its cards, and can rightly explain their losses and gains. But they neither know who keeps the bank of the gambling-house, nor what other games may be played with the same cards, nor what other losses and gains, far away among the dark streets, are essentially, though invisibly, dependent on theirs in the lighted rooms. They have learned a few, and only a few, of the laws of mercantile economy; but not one of those of political economy.

Primarily, which is very notable and curious, I observe that men of business rarely know the meaning of the word "rich." At least if they know, they do not in their reasonings allow for the fact, that it is a relative word, implying its opposite "poor" as positively as the word "north" implies its opposite "south." Men nearly always speak and write as if riches were absolute, and it were possible, by following certain scientific precepts, for everybody to be rich. Whereas riches are a power like that of electricity, acting only through inequalities or negations of itself. The force of the guinea you have in your pocket depends wholly on the default of a guinea in your neighbour's pocket. If he did not want it, it would be of no use to you; the degree of power it possesses depends accurately upon the need or desire he has for it,—and the art of making yourself rich, in the ordinary mercantile economist's sense, is therefore equally and necessarily the art of keeping your neighbour poor.

I would not contend in this matter (and rarely in any matter), for the acceptance of terms. But I wish the reader clearly and deeply to understand the difference between the two economies, to which the terms "Political" and "Mercantile" might not unadvisably be attached.

Political economy (the economy of a State, or of citizens) consists simply in the production, preservation, and distribution, at fittest time and place, of useful or pleasurable things. The farmer who cuts his hay at the right time; the shipwright who drives his bolts well home in sound wood; the builder who lays good bricks in well-tempered mortar; the housewife who takes care of her furniture in the parlour, and guards against all waste in her kitchen; and the singer who rightly disciplines, and never overstrains her voice: are all political economists in the true and final sense; adding continually to the riches and well-being of the nation to which they belong.

But mercantile economy, the economy of "merces" or of "pay," signifies the accumulation, in the hands of individuals, of legal or moral claim upon, or power over, the labour of others; every such claim implying precisely as much poverty or debt on one side, as it implies riches or right on the other.

It does not, therefore, necessarily involve an addition to the actual property, or well-being, of the State in which it exists. But since this commercial wealth, or power over labour, is nearly always convertible at once into real property, while real property is not always convertible at once into power over labour, the idea of riches among active men in civilized nations, generally refers to commercial wealth; and in estimating their possessions, they rather calculate the value of their horses and fields by the number of guineas they could get for them, than the value of their guineas by the number of horses and fields they could buy with them.

There is, however, another reason for this habit of mind; namely, that an accumulation of real property is of little use to its owner, unless, together with it, he has commercial power over labour. Thus, suppose any person to be put in possession of a large estate of fruitful land, with rich beds of gold in its gravel, countless herds of cattle in its pastures; houses, and gardens, and storehouses full of useful stores; but suppose, after all, that he could get no servants? In order that he may be able to have servants, some one in his neighbourhood must be poor, and in want of his gold—or his corn. Assume that no one is in want of either, and that no servants are to be had. He must, therefore, bake his own bread, make his own clothes, plough his own ground, and shepherd his own flocks. His gold will be as useful to him as any other yellow pebbles on his estate. His stores must rot, for he cannot consume them. He can eat no more than another man could eat, and wear no more than another man could wear. He must lead a life of severe and common labour to procure even ordinary comforts; he will be ultimately unable to keep either houses in repair, or fields in cultivation; and forced to content himself with a poor man's portion of cottage and garden, in the midst of a

desert of waste land, trampled by wild cattle, and encumbered by ruins of palaces, which he will hardly mock at himself by calling "his own."

The most covetous of mankind would, with small exultation, I presume, accept riches of this kind on these terms. What is really desired, under the name of riches, is, essentially, power over men; in its simplest sense, the power of obtaining for our own advantage, the labour of servant, tradesman, and artist; in wider sense, authority of directing large masses of the nation to various ends (good, trivial or hurtful, according to the mind of the rich person). And this power of wealth of course is greater or less in direct proportion to the poverty of the men over whom it is exercised, and in inverse proportion to the number of persons who are as rich as ourselves, and who are ready to give the same price for an article of which the supply is limited. If the musician is poor, he will sing for small pay, as long as there is only one person who can pay him; but if there be two or three, he will sing for the one who offers him most. And thus the power of the riches of the patron (always imperfect and doubtful, as we shall see presently, even when most authoritative) depends first on the poverty of the artist, and then on the limitation of the number of equally wealthy persons, who also want seats at the concert. So that, as above stated, the art of becoming "rich," in the common sense, is not absolutely nor finally the art of accumulating much money for ourselves, but also of contriving that our neighbours shall have less. In accurate terms, it is "the art of establishing the maximum inequality in our own favour."

Now the establishment of such inequality cannot be shown in the abstract to be either advantageous or disadvantageous to the body of the nation. The rash and absurd assumption that such inequalities are necessarily advantageous, lies at the root of most of the popular fallacies on the subject of political economy. For the eternal and inevitable law in this matter is, that the beneficialness of the inequality depends, first, on the methods by which it was accomplished, and, secondly, on the purposes to which it is applied. Inequalities of wealth, unjustly established, have assuredly injured the nation in which they exist during their establishment; and, unjustly directed, they injure it yet more during their existence. But inequalities of wealth justly established, benefit the nation in the course of their establishment; and, nobly used, aid it yet more by their existence. That is to say, among every active and well-governed people, the various strength of individuals, tested by full exertion and specially applied to various need, issues in unequal, but harmonious results, receiving reward or authority according to its class and service;\*

\* I have been naturally asked several times, with respect to the sentence in the first of these papers, "the bad workman unemployed," "But what are you to do with your bad unemployed workmen?" Well, it seems to me the question might have occurred to you before. Your housemaid's place is vacant—you give twenty pounds a year—two girls come for it, one neatly dressed, the other dirtily; one with good recommendations, the other with none. You do not, under these circumstances, usually ask the



while, in the inactive or ill-governed nation, the gradations of decay and the victories of treason work out also their own rugged system of subjection and success; and substitute for the melodious inequalities of concurrent power the iniquitous dominances and depressions of guilt and misfortune.

Thus the circulation of wealth in a nation resembles that of the blood in the natural body. There is one quickness of the current which comes of cheerful emotion or wholesome exercise; and another which comes of shame or of fever. There is a flush of the body which is full of warmth and life; and another which will pass into putrefaction.

The analogy will hold, down even to minute particulars. For as diseased local determination of the blood involves depression of the general health of the system, all morbid local action of riches will be found ultimately to involve a weakening of the resources of the body politic.

The mode in which this is produced may be at once understood by examining one or two instances of the development of wealth in the simplest possible circumstances.

Suppose two sailors cast away on an uninhabited coast, and obliged to maintain themselves there by their own labours for a series of years.

If they both kept their health, and worked steadily, and in amity with each other, they might build themselves a convenient house, and in time come to possess a certain quantity of cultivated land, together with various stores laid up for future use. All these things would be real riches or property; and, supposing the men both to have worked equally hard, they would each have right to equal share or use of it. Their political economy would consist merely in careful preservation and just division of these possessions. Perhaps, however, after some time one or other might be dissatisfied with the results of their common farming; and they might in consequence agree to divide the land they had brought under the spade

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dirty one if she will come for fifteen pounds, or twelve; and, on her consenting, take her instead of the well-recommended one. Still less do you try to beat both down by making them bid against each other, till you can hire both, one at twelve pounds a year, and the other at eight. You simply take the one fittest for the place, and send away the other, not perhaps concerning yourself quite as much as you should with the question which you now impatiently put to me, "What is to become of her?" For all that I advise you to do, is to deal with workmen as with servants; and verily the question is of weight: "Your bad workman, idler, and rogue—what are you to do with him?"

We will consider of this presently: remember that the administration of a complete system of national commerce and industry cannot be explained in full detail within the space of twelve pages. Meantime, consider whether, there being confessedly some difficulty in dealing with rogues and idlers, it may not be advisable to produce as few of them as possible. If you examine into the history of rogues, you will find they are as truly manufactured articles as anything else, and it is just because our present system of political economy gives so large a stimulus to that manufacture that you may know it to be a false one. We had better seek for a system which will develop honest men, than for one which will deal cunningly with vagabonds. Let us reform our schools, and we shall find little reform needed in our prisons.

into equal shares, so that each might thenceforward work in his own field and live by it. Suppose that after this arrangement had been made, one of them were to fall ill, and be unable to work on his land at a critical time—say of sowing or harvest.

He would naturally ask the other to sow or reap for him.

Then his companion might say, with perfect justice, "I will do this additional work for you; but if I do it, you must promise to do as much for me at another time. I will count how many hours I spend on your ground, and you shall give me a written promise to work for the same number of hours on mine, whenever I need your help, and you are able to give it."

Suppose the disabled man's sickness to continue, and that under various circumstances, for several years, requiring the help of the other, he on each occasion gave a written pledge to work, as soon as he was able, at his companion's orders, for the same number of hours which the other had given up to him. What will the positions of the two men be when the invalid is able to resume work?

Considered as a "Polis," or state, they will be poorer than they would have been otherwise: poorer by the withdrawal of what the sick man's labour would have produced in the interval. His friend may perhaps have toiled with an energy quickened by the enlarged need, but in the end his own land and property must have suffered by the withdrawal of so much of his time and thought from them; and the united property of the two men will be certainly less than it would have been if both had remained in health and activity.

But the relations in which they stand to each other are also widely altered. The sick man has not only pledged his labour for some years, but will probably have exhausted his own share of the accumulated stores, and will be in consequence for some time dependent on the other for food, which he can only "pay" or reward him for by yet more deeply pledging his own labour.

Supposing the written promises to be held entirely valid (among civilized nations their validity is secured by legal measures\*), the person who had hitherto worked for both might now, if he chose, rest altogether, and pass his time in idleness, not only forcing his companion to redeem all the engagements he had already entered into, but exacting from him

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\* The disputes which exist respecting the real nature of money arise more from the disputants examining its functions on different sides, than from any real dissent in their opinions. All money, properly so called, is an acknowledgment of debt; but as such, it may either be considered to represent the labour and property of the creditor, or the idleness and penury of the debtor. The intricacy of the question has been much increased by the (hitherto necessary) use of marketable commodities, such as gold, silver, salt, shells, &c., to give intrinsic value or security to currency; but the final and best definition of money is that it is a documentary promise ratified and guaranteed by the nation to give or find a certain quantity of labour on demand. A man's labour for a day is a better standard of value than a measure of any produce, because no produce ever maintains a consistent rate of productibility.

pledges for further labour, to an arbitrary amount, for what food he had to advance to him.

There might not, from first to last, be the least illegality (in the ordinary sense of the word) in the arrangement; but if a stranger arrived on the coast at this advanced epoch of their political economy, he would find one man commercially Rich; the other commercially Poor. He would see, perhaps with no small surprise, one passing his days in idleness; the other labouring for both, and living sparsely, in the hope of recovering his independence, at some distant period.

This is, of course, an example of one only out of many ways in which inequality of possession may be established between different persons, giving rise to the Mercantile forms of Riches and Poverty. In the instance before us, one of the men might from the first have deliberately chosen to be idle, and to put his life in pawn for present ease; or he might have mismanaged his land, and been compelled to have recourse to his neighbour for food and help, pledging his future labour for it. But what I want the reader to note especially is the fact, common to a large number of typical cases of this kind, that the establishment of the mercantile wealth which consists in a claim upon labour, signifies a political diminution of the real wealth which consists in substantial possessions.

Take another example, more consistent with the ordinary course of affairs of trade. Suppose that three men, instead of two, formed the little isolated republic, and found themselves obliged to separate in order to farm different pieces of land at some distance from each other along the coast; each estate furnishing a distinct kind of produce, and each more or less in need of the material raised on the other. Suppose that the third man, in order to save the time of all three, undertakes simply to superintend the transference of commodities from one farm to the other; on condition of receiving some sufficiently remunerative share of every parcel of goods conveyed, or of some other parcel received in exchange for it.

If this carrier or messenger always brings to each estate, from the other, what is chiefly wanted, at the right time, the operations of the two farmers will go on prosperously, and the largest possible result in produce, or wealth, will be attained by the little community. But suppose no intercourse between the landowners is possible, except through the travelling agent; and that, after a time, this agent, watching the course of each man's agriculture, keeps back the articles with which he has been entrusted until there comes a period of extreme necessity for them, on one side or other, and then exacts in exchange for them all that the distressed farmer can spare of other kinds of produce: it is easy to see that by ingeniously watching his opportunities, he might possess himself regularly of the greater part of the superfluous produce of the two estates, and at last, in some year of severest trial or scarcity, purchase both for himself, and maintain the former proprietors thenceforward as his labourers or servants.

This would be a case of commercial wealth acquired on the exactest

principles of modern political economy. But, more distinctly even than in the former instance, it is manifest in this that the wealth of the State, or of the three men considered as a society, is collectively less than it would have been had the merchant been content with juster profit. The operations of the two agriculturists have been cramped to the utmost; and the continual limitations of the supply of things they wanted at critical times, together with the failure of courage consequent on the prolongation of a struggle for mere existence, without any sense of permanent gain, must have seriously diminished the effective results of their labour; and the stores finally accumulated in the merchant's hands will not in anywise be of equivalent value to those which, had his dealings been honest, would have filled at once the granaries of the farmers and his own.

The whole question, therefore, respecting not only the advantage, but even the quantity, of national wealth, resolves itself finally into one of abstract justice. It is impossible to conclude, of any given mass of acquired wealth, merely by the fact of its existence, whether it signifies good or evil to the nation in the midst of which it exists. Its real value depends on the moral sign attached to it, just as sternly as that of a mathematical quantity depends on the algebraical sign attached to it. Any given accumulation of commercial wealth may be indicative, on the one hand, of faithful industries, progressive energies, and productive ingenuities; or, on the other, it may be indicative of mortal luxury, merciless tyranny, ruinous chicane.

Some treasures are heavy with human tears, as an ill-stored harvest with untimely rain; and some gold is brighter in sunshine than it is in substance. And these are not, observe, merely moral or pathetic attributes of riches, which the seeker of riches may, if he chooses, despise; they are literally and sternly, material attributes of riches, depreciating or exalting, incalculably, the monetary signification of the sum in question. One mass of money is the outcome of action which has created,—another, of action which has annihilated,—ten times as much in the gathering of it; such and such strong hands have been paralyzed, as if they had been numbed by nightshade: so many strong men's courage broken, so many productive operations hindered; this and the other false direction given to labour, and lying image of prosperity set up, on Dura plains dug into seven-times-heated furnaces. That which seems to be wealth may in verity be only the gilded index of far-reaching ruin; a wrecker's handful of coin gleaned from the beach to which he has beguiled an argosy; a camp-follower's bundle of rags unwrapped from the breasts of goodly soldiers dead; the purchase-pieces of potter's fields, wherein shall be buried together the citizen and the stranger.

And, therefore, the idea that directions can be given for the gaining of wealth, irrespectively of the consideration of its moral sources, or that any general and technical law of purchase and gain can be set down for national practice, is perhaps the most insolently futile of all that ever beguiled men through their vices. So far as I know, there is not in

history record of anything so disgraceful to the human intellect as the modern idea that the commercial text, "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest," represents, or under any circumstances could represent, an available principle of national economy. Buy in the cheapest market?—yes; but what made your market cheap? Charcoal may be cheap among your roof timbers after a fire, and bricks may be cheap in your streets after an earthquake; but fire and earthquake may not therefore be national benefits. Sell in the dearest?—yes, truly; but what made your market dear? You sold your bread well to-day; was it to a dying man who gave his last coin for it, and will never need bread more, or to a rich man who to-morrow will buy your farm over your head; or to a soldier on his way to pillage the bank in which you have put your fortune?

None of these things you can know. One thing only you can know, namely, whether this dealing of yours is a just and faithful one, which is all you need concern yourself about respecting it; sure thus to have done your own part in bringing about ultimately in the world a state of things which will not issue in pillage or in death. And thus every question concerning these things merges itself ultimately in the great question of justice, which, the ground being thus far cleared for it, I will enter upon in the next paper, leaving only, in this, three final points for the reader's consideration.

It has been shown that the chief value and virtue of money consists in its having power over human beings; that, without this power, large material possessions are useless, and to any person possessing such power, comparatively unnecessary. But power over human beings is attainable by other means than by money. As I said a few pages back, the money power is always imperfect and doubtful; there are many things which cannot be reached with it, others which cannot be retained by it. Many joys may be given to men which cannot be bought for gold, and many fidelities found in them which cannot be rewarded with it.

Trite enough,—the reader thinks. Yes: but it is not so trite,—I wish it were,—that in this moral power, quite inscrutable and immeasurable though it be, there is a monetary value just as real as that represented by more ponderous currencies. A man's hand may be full of invisible gold, and the wave of it, or the grasp, shall do more than another's with a shower of bullion. This invisible gold, also, does not necessarily diminish in spending. Political economists will do well some day to take heed of it, though they cannot take measure.

But farther. Since the essence of wealth consists in its authority over men, if the apparent or nominal wealth fail in this power, it fails in essence; in fact, ceases to be wealth at all. It does not appear lately in England, that our authority over men is absolute. The servants show some disposition to rush riotously upstairs, under an impression that their wages are not regularly paid. We should augur ill of any gentleman's property to whom this happened every other day in his drawing-room.

So also, the power of our wealth seems limited as respects the comfort



of the servants, no less than their quietude. The persons in the kitchen appear to be ill-dressed, squalid, half-starved. One cannot help imagining that the riches of the establishment must be of a very theoretical and documentary character.

Finally. Since the essence of wealth consists in power over men, will it not follow that the nobler and the more in number the persons are over whom it has power, the greater the wealth? Perhaps it may even appear after some consideration, that the persons themselves *are* the wealth—that these pieces of gold with which we are in the habit of guiding them are, in fact, nothing more than a kind of Byzantine harness or trappings, very glittering and beautiful in barbaric sight, wherewith we bridle the creatures; but that if these same living creatures could be guided without the fretting and jingling of the Byzants in their mouths and ears, they might themselves be more valuable than their bridles. In fact, it may be discovered that the true veins of wealth are purple—and not in Rock, but in Flesh—perhaps even that the final outcome and consummation of all wealth is in the producing as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed, and happy-hearted human creatures. Our modern wealth, I think, has rather a tendency the other way;—most political economists appearing to consider multitudes of human creatures not conducive to wealth, or at best conducive to it only by remaining in a dim-eyed and narrow-chested state of being.

Nevertheless, it is open, I repeat, to serious question, which I leave to the reader's pondering, whether, among national manufactures, that of Souls of a good quality may not at last turn out a quite leadingly lucrative one? Nay, in some far-away and yet undreamt-of hour, I can even imagine that England may cast all thoughts of possessive wealth back to the barbaric nations among whom they first arose; and that, while the sands of the Indus and adamant of Golconda may yet stiffen the housings of the charger, and flash from the turban of the slave, she, as a Christian mother, may at last attain to the virtues and the treasures of an Heathen one, and be able to lead forth her Sons, saying,—

"These are MY Jewels."

J. R.

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## Fate and a Heart.

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It was midnight when I listened,  
 And I heard two voices speak;  
 One was harsh, and stern, and cruel,  
 And the other soft and weak:  
 Yet I saw no vision enter,  
 And I heard no steps depart  
 Of this Tyrant and his Captive;—  
 Fate it might be and a Heart.

Thus the stern voice spake in triumph:

“I have shut your life away  
 From the radiant world of nature  
 And the perfumed light of day.  
 You, who loved to steep your spirit  
 In the charm of earth's delight,  
 See no glory of the day-time,  
 And no sweetness of the night.”

But the soft voice answered calmly:

“Nay: for when the March winds bring  
 Just a whisper to my window,  
 I can dream the rest of spring;  
 And to-day I saw a swallow  
 Flitting past my prison bars,  
 And my cell has just one corner,  
 Whence at night I see the stars.”

But its bitter taunt repeating,

Cried the harsh voice: “Where are they—  
 All the friends of former hours  
 Who forget your name to-day?  
 All the links of love are shattered,  
 Which you thought so strong before,  
 And your life is doubly lonely  
 And alone, since loved no more.”

But the low voice spake still lower:

"Nay: I know the golden chain  
Of my love is purer, stronger,  
For the cruel fire of pain:  
They remember me no longer,  
But I, grieving here alone,  
Bind their souls to me for ever,  
By the love within my own."

But the voice cried: "Once, remember,  
You devoted soul and mind  
To the welfare of your brethren,  
To the service of your kind:  
Now, what sorrow can you comfort,  
You, who lie in helpless pain,  
With an impotent compassion,  
Fretting out your life in vain?"

"Nay;" and then the gentle answer  
Rose more loud and full and clear:  
"For the sake of all my brethren,  
I thank God that I am here!  
Poor had been my life's best efforts,  
Now I waste no thought or breath;  
For the prayer of those who suffer  
Has the strength of love and death."

A. A. P.

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## Gramley Parsonage.

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### NON-IMPULSIVE.

It cannot be held as astonishing, that that last decision on the part of the Giants in the matter of the two bishoprics should have disgusted Arch-deacon Grantly. He was a politician, but not a politician as they were. As is the case with all exoteric men, his political eyes saw a short way only, and his political aspirations were as limited. When his friends came into office, that Bishop Bill, which as the original product of his enemies had been regarded by him as being so pernicious—for was it not about to be made law in order that other Proudie and such like might be hoisted up into high places and large incomes, to the terrible detriment of the Church?—that Bishop Bill, I say, in the hands of his friends, had appeared to him to be a means of almost national salvation. And then, how great had been the good fortune of the Giants in this matter! Had they been the originators of such a measure they would not have had a chance of success; but now—now that the two bishops were falling into their mouths out of the weak hands of the Gods, was not their success ensured? So Dr. Grantly had girded up his loins and marched up to the fight, almost regretting that the triumph would be so easy. The subsequent failure was very trying to his temper as a party man.

It always strikes me that the supporters of the Titans are in this respect much to be pitied. The Giants themselves, those who are actually handling Pelion and breaking their shins over the lower rocks of Ossa, are always advancing in some sort towards the councils of Olympus. Their highest policy is to snatch some ray from heaven. Why else put Pelion on Ossa, unless it be that a furtive hand, making its way through Jove's windows, may pluck forth a thunderbolt or two, or some article less destructive, but of manufacture equally divine? And in this consists the wisdom of the higher Giants—that, in spite of their mundane antecedents, theories, and predilections, they can see that articles of divine manufacture are necessary. But then they never carry their supporters with them. Their whole army is an army of martyrs. "For twenty years I have stuck to them, and see how they have treated me!" Is not that always the plaint of an old giant-slave? "I have been true to my party all my life, and where am I now?" he says. Where, indeed, my friend? Looking about you, you begin to learn that you cannot describe your whereabouts. I do not marvel at that. No one finds himself planted at last in so terribly foul a morass, as he would fain stand still for ever on dry ground.

Dr. Grantly was disgusted; and although he was himself too true and thorough in all his feelings, to be able to say aloud that any Giant was

wrong, still he had a sad feeling within his heart that the world was sinking from under him. He was still sufficiently exoteric to think that a good stand-up fight in a good cause was a good thing. No doubt he did wish to be Bishop of Westminster, and was anxious to compass that preferment by any means that might appear to him to be fair. And why not? But this was not the end of his aspirations. He wished that the Giants might prevail in everything, in bishoprics as in all other matters; and he could not understand that they should give way on the very first appearance of a skirmish. In his open talk he was loud against many a god; but in his heart of hearts he was bitter enough against both Porphyry and Orion.

"My dear doctor, it would not do;—not in this session; it would not indeed." So had spoken to him a half-fledged, but especially esoteric young monster-cub at the Treasury, who considered himself as up to all the dodges of his party, and regarded the army of martyrs who supported it as a rather heavy, but very useful collection of fogeys. Dr. Grantly had not cared to discuss the matter with the half-fledged monster-cub. The best licked of all the monsters, the Giant most like a god of them all, had said a word or two to him; and he also had said a word or two to that Giant. Porphyry had told him that the Bishop Bill would not do; and he, in return, speaking with warm face, and blood in his cheeks, had told Porphyry, that he saw no reason why the bill should not do. The courteous Giant had smiled as he shook his ponderous head, and then the archdeacon had left him, unconsciously shaking some dust from his shoes, as he paced the passages of the Treasury Chambers for the last time. As he walked back to his lodgings in Mount Street, many thoughts, not altogether bad in their nature, passed through his mind. Why should he trouble himself about a bishopric? Was he not well as he was, in his rectory down at Plumstead? Might it not be ill for him at his age to transplant himself into new soil, to engage in new duties, and live among new people? Was he not useful at Barchester, and respected also; and might it not be possible, that up there at Westminster, he might be regarded merely as a tool with which other men could work? He had not quite liked the tone of that specially esoteric young monster-cub, who had clearly regarded him as a distinguished fogey from the army of martyrs. He would take his wife back to Barsetshire, and there live contented with the good things which Providence had given him.

Those high political grapes had become sour, my sneering friends will say. Well? Is it not a good thing that grapes should become sour which hang out of reach? Is he not wise who can regard all grapes as sour which are manifestly too high for his hand? Those grapes of the Treasury bench, for which gods and giants fight, suffering so much when they are forced to abstain from eating, and so much more when they do eat,—those grapes are very sour to me. I am sure that they are indigestible, and that those who eat them undergo all the ills which the Revalenta Arabica is prepared to cure. And so it was now with the



archdeacon. He thought of the strain which would have been put on his conscience had he come up there to sit in London as Bishop of Westminster; and in this frame of mind he walked home to his wife.

During the first few moments of his interview with her all his regrets had come back upon him. Indeed, it would have hardly suited for him then to have preached this new doctrine of rural contentment. The wife of his bosom, whom he so fully trusted—had so fully loved—wished for grapes that hung high upon the wall, and he knew that it was past his power to teach her at the moment to drop her ambition. Any teaching that he might effect in that way, must come by degrees. But before many minutes were over he had told her of her fate and of his own decision. "So we had better go back to Plumstead," he said; and she had not dissented.

"I am sorry for poor Griselda's sake," Mrs. Grantly had remarked later in the evening, when they were again together.

"But I thought she was to remain with Lady Lufton."

"Well; so she will, for a little time. There is no one with whom I would so soon trust her out of my own care as with Lady Lufton. She is all that one can desire."

"Exactly; and as far as Griselda is concerned, I cannot say that I think she is to be pitied."

"Not to be pitied, perhaps," said Mrs. Grantly. "But, you see, archdeacon, Lady Lufton, of course, has her own views."

"Her own views?"

"It is hardly any secret that she is very anxious to make a match between Lord Lufton and Griselda. And though that might be a very proper arrangement if it were fixed——"

"Lord Lufton marry Griselda!" said the archdeacon, speaking quick and raising his eyebrows. His mind had as yet been troubled by but few thoughts respecting his child's future establishment. "I had never dreamt of such a thing."

"But other people have done more than dream of it, archdeacon. As regards the match itself, it would, I think, be unobjectionable. Lord Lufton will not be a very rich man, but his property is respectable, and as far as I can learn his character is on the whole good. If they like each other, I should be contented with such a marriage. But, I must own, I am not quite satisfied at the idea of leaving her all alone with Lady Lufton. People will look on it as a settled thing, when it is not settled—and very probably may not be settled; and that will do the poor girl harm. She is very much admired; there can be no doubt of that; and Lord Dumbello——"

The archdeacon opened his eyes still wider. He had had no idea that such a choice of sons-in-law was being prepared for him; and, to tell the truth, was almost bewildered by the height of his wife's ambition. Lord Lufton, with his barony and twenty thousand a year, might be accepted as just good enough; but failing him there was an embryo marquis, whose fortune would be more than ten times as great, all ready to accept his child!

And then he thought, as husbands sometimes will think, of Susan Harding as she was when he had gone a-courting to her under the elms before the house in the warden's garden at Barchester, and of dear old Mr. Harding, his wife's father, who still lived in humble lodgings in that city; and as he thought, he wondered at and admired the greatness of that lady's mind.

"I never can forgive Lord De Terrier," said the lady, connecting various points together in her own mind.

"That's nonsense," said the archdeacon. "You must forgive him."

"And I must confess that it annoys me to leave London at present."

"It can't be helped," said the archdeacon, somewhat gruffly; for he was a man who, on certain points, chose to have his own way—and had it.

"Oh, no: I know it can't be helped," said Mrs. Grantly, in a tone which implied a deep injury. "I know it can't be helped. Poor Griselda!" And then they went to bed.

On the next morning Griselda came to her, and in an interview that was strictly private, her mother said more to her than she had ever yet spoken, as to the prospects of her future life. Hitherto, on this subject, Mrs. Grantly had said little or nothing. She would have been well pleased that her daughter should have received the incense of Lord Lufton's vows—or, perhaps, as well pleased had it been the incense of Lord Dumbello's vows—without any interference on her part. In such case her child, she knew, would have told her with quite sufficient eagerness, and the matter in either case would have been arranged as a very pretty love match. She had no fear of any impropriety or of any rashness on Griselda's part. She had thoroughly known her daughter when she boasted that Griselda would never indulge in an unauthorized passion. But as matters now stood, with those two strings to her bow, and with that Lufton-Grantly alliance treaty in existence—of which she, Griselda herself, knew nothing—might it not be possible that the poor child should stumble through want of adequate direction? Guided by these thoughts, Mrs. Grantly had resolved to say a few words before she left London. So she wrote a line to her daughter, and Griselda reached Mount Street at two o'clock in Lady Lufton's carriage, which, during the interview, waited for her at the beer-shop round the corner.

"And papa won't be Bishop of Westminster?" said the young lady, when the doings of the Giants had been sufficiently explained to make her understand that all those hopes were over.

"No, my dear; at any rate not now."

"What a shame! I thought it was all settled. What's the good, mamma, of Lord De Terrier being prime minister, if he can't make whom he likes a bishop?"

"I don't think that Lord De Terrier has behaved at all well to your father. However that's a long question, and we can't go into it now."

"How glad those Proudies will be!"

Griselda would have talked by the hour on this subject had her mother allowed her, but it was necessary that Mrs. Grantly should go to other matters. She began about Lady Lufton, saying what a dear woman her ladyship was; and then went on to say that Griselda was to remain in London as long as it suited her friend and hostess to stay there with her; but added, that this might probably not be very long, as it was notorious that Lady Lufton, when in London, was always in a hurry to get back to Framley.

"But I don't think she is in such a hurry this year, mamma," said Griselda, who in the month of May preferred Bruton Street to Plumstead, and had no objection whatever to the coronet on the panels of Lady Lufton's coach.

And then Mrs. Grantly commenced her explanation—very cautiously. "No, my dear, I daresay she is not in such a hurry this year,—that is, as long as you remain with her."

"I am sure she is very kind."

"She is very kind, and you ought to love her very much. I know I do. I have no friend in the world for whom I have a greater regard than for Lady Lufton. It is that which makes me so happy to leave you with her."

"All the same I wish that you and papa had remained up; that is, if they had made papa a bishop."

"It's no good thinking of that now, my dear. What I particularly wanted to say to you was this: I think you should know what are the ideas which Lady Lufton entertains."

"Her ideas!" said Griselda, who had never troubled herself much in thinking about other people's thoughts.

"Yes, Griselda. While you were staying down at Framley Court, and also, I suppose, since you have been up here in Bruton Street, you must have seen a good deal of—Lord Lufton."

"He doesn't come very often to Bruton Street,—that is to say, not very often."

"H-m," ejaculated Mrs. Grantly, very gently. She would willingly have repressed the sound altogether, but it had been too much for her. If she found reason to think that Lady Lufton was playing her false, she would immediately take her daughter away, break up the treaty, and prepare for the Hartleup alliance. Such were the thoughts that ran through her mind. But she knew all the while that Lady Lufton was not false. The fault was not with Lady Lufton; nor, perhaps, altogether with Lord Lufton. Mrs. Grantly had understood the full force of the complaint which Lady Lufton had made against her daughter; and though she had of course defended her child, and on the whole had defended her successfully, yet she confessed to herself that Griselda's chance of a first-rate establishment would be better if she were a little more impulsive. A man does not wish to marry a statue, let the statue be ever so statuesque. She could not teach her daughter to be impulsive, any more than she could teach her to

be six feet high; but might it not be possible to teach her to seem so? The task was a very delicate one, even for a mother's hand.

"Of course he cannot be at home now as much as he was down in the country, when he was living in the same house," said Mrs. Grantly, whose business it was to take Lord Lufton's part at the present moment. "He must be at his club, and at the House of Lords, and in twenty places."

"He is very fond of going to parties, and he dances beautifully."

"I am sure he does. I have seen as much as that myself, and I think I know some one with whom he likes to dance." And the mother gave her daughter a loving little squeeze.

"Do you mean me, mamma?"

"Yes, I do mean you, my dear. And is it not true? Lady Lufton says that he likes dancing with you better than with any one else in London."

"I don't know," said Griselda, looking down upon the ground.

Mr. Grantly thought that this upon the whole was rather a good opening. It might have been better. Some point of interest more serious in its nature than that of a waltz might have been found on which to connect her daughter's sympathies with those of her future husband. But any point of interest was better than none; and it is so difficult to find points of interest in persons who by their nature are not impulsive.

"Lady Lufton says so, at any rate," continued Mrs. Grantly, ever so cautiously. "She thinks that Lord Lufton likes no partner better. What do you think yourself, Griselda?"

"I don't know, mamma."

"But young ladies must think of such things, must they not?"

"Must they, mamma?"

"I suppose they do, don't they? The truth is, Griselda, that Lady Lufton thinks that if —— Can you guess what it is she thinks?"

"No, mamma." But that was a fib on Griselda's part.

"She thinks that my Griselda would make the best possible wife in the world for her son; and I think so too. I think that her son will be a very fortunate man if he can get such a wife. And now what do you think, Griselda?"

"I don't think anything, mamma."

But that would not do. It was absolutely necessary that she should think, and absolutely necessary that her mother should tell her so. Such a degree of unimpulsiveness as this would lead to—— heaven knows what results! Lufton-Grantly treatise and Hartleap interests would be all thrown away upon a young lady who would not think anything of a noble suitor sighing for her smiles. Besides, it was not natural. Griselda, as her mother knew, had never been a girl of headlong feeling; but still she had had her likes and her dislikes. In that matter of the bishopric she was keen enough; and no one could evince a deeper interest in the subject of a well-made new dress than Griselda Grantly. It was not possible that

she should be indifferent as to her future prospects, and she must know that those prospects depended mainly on her marriage. Her mother was almost angry with her, but nevertheless she went on very gently:

"You don't think anything! But, my darling, you must think. You must make up your mind what would be your answer if Lord Lufton were to propose to you. That is what Lady Lufton wishes him to do."

"But he never will, mamma."

"And if he did?"

"But I'm sure he never will. He doesn't think of such a thing at all—and—and—"

"And what, my dear?"

"I don't know, mamma."

"Surely you can speak out to me, dearest! All I care about is your happiness. Both Lady Lufton and I think that it would be a happy marriage if you both cared for each other enough. She thinks that he is fond of you. But if he were ten times Lord Lufton I would not tease you about it if I thought that you could not learn to care about him. What was it you were going to say, my dear?"

"Lord Lufton thinks a great deal more of Lucy Roberts than he does of—of—of any one else, I believe," said Griselda, showing now some little animation by her manner, "dumpy little black thing that she is."

"Lucy Roberts!" said Mrs. Grantly, taken by surprise at finding that her daughter was moved by such a passion as jealousy, and feeling also perfectly assured that there could not be any possible ground for jealousy in such a direction as that. "Lucy Roberts, my dear! I don't suppose Lord Lufton ever thought of speaking to her, except in the way of civility."

"Yes, he did, mamma! Don't you remember at Framley?"

Mrs. Grantly began to look back in her mind, and she thought she did remember having once observed Lord Lufton talking in rather a confidential manner with the parson's sister. But she was sure that there was nothing in it. If that was the reason why Griselda was so cold to her proposed lover, it would be a thousand pities that it should not be removed.

"Now you mention her, I do remember the young lady," said Mrs. Grantly, "a dark girl, very low, and without much figure. She seemed to me to keep very much in the background."

"I don't know much about that, mamma."

"As far as I saw her, she did. But, my dear Griselda, you should not allow yourself to think of such a thing. Lord Lufton, of course, is bound to be civil to any young lady in his mother's house, and I am quite sure that he has no other idea whatever with regard to Miss Roberts. I certainly cannot speak as to her intellect, for I do not think she opened her mouth in my presence; but——"

"Oh! she has plenty to say for herself, when she pleases. She's a silly little thing."



"But, at any rate, my dear, she has no personal attractions whatever, and I do not at all think that Lord Lufton is a man to be taken by—by—by anything that Miss Robarts might do or say."

As those words "personal attractions" were uttered, Griselda managed so to turn her neck as to catch a side view of herself in one of the mirrors on the wall, and then she bridled herself up, and made a little play with her eyes, and looked, as her mother thought, very well. "It is all nothing to me, mamma, of course," she said.

"Well, my dear, perhaps not. I don't say that it is. I do not wish to put the slightest constraint upon your feelings. If I did not have the most thorough dependence on your good sense and high principles, I should not speak to you in this way. But as I have, I thought it best to tell you that both Lady Lufton and I should be well pleased if we thought that you and Lord Lufton were fond of each other."

"I am sure he never thinks of such a thing, mamma."

"And as for Lucy Robarts, pray get that idea out of your head; if not for your sake, then for his. You should give him credit for better taste."

But it was not so easy to take anything out of Griselda's head that she had once taken into it. "As for tastes, mamma, there is no accounting for them," she said; and then the colloquy on that subject was over. The result of it on Mrs. Grantly's mind was a feeling amounting almost to a conviction in favour of the Dumbello interest.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### IMPULSIVE.

I TRUST my readers will all remember how Puck the pony was beaten during that drive to Hoggstock. It may be presumed that Puck himself on that occasion did not suffer much. His skin was not so soft as Mrs. Robarts's heart. The little beast was full of oats and all the good things of this world, and therefore, when the whip touched him, he would dance about and shake his little ears, and run on at a tremendous pace for twenty yards, making his mistress think that he had endured terrible things. But, in truth, during those whippings Puck was not the chief sufferer.

Lucy had been forced to declare—forced by the strength of her own feelings, and by the impossibility of assenting to the propriety of a marriage between Lord Lufton and Miss Grantly —, she had been forced to declare that she did care about Lord Lufton as much as though he were her brother. She had said all this to herself,—nay, much more than this—very often. But now she had said it out loud to her sister-in-law; and she knew that what she had said was remembered, considered, and had, to a certain extent, become the cause of altered conduct. Fanny alluded very seldom to the Luftons in casual conversation, and never spoke

about Lord Lufton, unless when her husband made it impossible that she should not speak of him. Lucy had attempted on more than one occasion to remedy this, by talking about the young lord in a laughing and, perhaps, half-jeering way; she had been sarcastic as to his hunting and shooting, and had boldly attempted to say a word in joke about his love for Griselda. But she felt that she had failed; that she had failed altogether as regarded Fanny; and that as to her brother, she would more probably be the means of opening his eyes, than have any effect in keeping them closed. So she gave up her efforts and spoke no further word about Lord Lufton. Her secret had been told, and she knew that it had been told.

At this time the two ladies were left a great deal alone together in the drawing-room at the parsonage; more, perhaps, than had ever yet been the case since Lucy had been there. Lady Lufton was away, and therefore the almost daily visit to Framley Court was not made; and Mark in these days was a great deal at Barchester, having, no doubt, very onerous duties to perform before he could be admitted as one of that chapter. He went into, what he was pleased to call residence, almost at once. That is, he took his month of preaching, aiding also in some slight and very dignified way, in the general Sunday morning services. He did not exactly live at Barchester, because the house was not ready. That at least was the assumed reason. The chattels of Dr. Stanhope, the late prebendary, had not been as yet removed, and there was likely to be some little delay, creditors asserting their right to them. This might have been very inconvenient to a gentleman anxiously expecting the excellent house which the liberality of past ages had provided for his use; but it was not so felt by Mr. Robarts. If Dr. Stanhope's family or creditors would keep the house for the next twelve months, he would be well pleased. And by this arrangement he was enabled to get through his first month of absence from the church of Framley without any notice from Lady Lufton, seeing that Lady Lufton was in London all the time. This also was convenient, and taught our young prebendary to look on his new preferment more favourably than he had hitherto done.

Fanny and Lucy were thus left much alone: and as out of the full head the mouth speaks, so is the full heart more prone to speak at such periods of confidence as these. Lucy, when she first thought of her own state, determined to endow herself with a powerful gift of reticence. She would never tell her love, certainly; but neither would she let concealment feed on her damask cheek, nor would she ever be found for a moment sitting like Patience on a monument. She would fight her own fight bravely within her own bosom, and conquer her enemy altogether. She would either preach, or starve, or weary her love into subjection, and no one should be a bit the wiser. She would teach herself to shake hands with Lord Lufton without a quiver, and would be prepared to like his wife amazingly—unless indeed that wife should be Griselda Grantly. Such were her resolutions; but at the end of the first week they were broken into shivers and scattered to the winds.

They had been sitting in the house together the whole of one wet day; and as Mark was to dine in Barchester with the Dean, they had had dinner early, eating with the children almost in their laps. It is so that ladies do, when their husbands leave them to themselves. It was getting dusk towards evening, and they were still sitting in the drawing-room, the children now having retired, when Mrs. Robarts for the fifth time since her visit to Hogglestock began to express her wish that she could do some good to the Crawleys,—to Grace Crawley in particular, who, standing up there at her father's elbow, learning Greek irregular verbs, had appeared to Mrs. Robarts to be an especial object of pity.

"I don't know how to set about it," said Mrs. Robarts.

Now any allusion to that visit to Hogglestock always drove Lucy's mind back to the consideration of the subject which had most occupied it at the time. She at such moments remembered how she had beaten Puck, and how in her half bantering but still too serious manner she had apologized for doing so, and had explained the reason. And therefore she did not interest herself about Grace Crawley as vividly as she should have done.

"No; one never does," she said.

"I was thinking about it all that day as I drove home," said Fanny.

"The difficulty is this: What can we do with her?"

"Exactly," said Lucy, remembering the very point of the road at which she had declared that she did like Lord Lufton very much.

"If we could have her here for a month or so and then send her to school;—but I know Mr. Crawley would not allow us to pay for her schooling."

"I don't think he would," said Lucy, with her thoughts far removed from Mr. Crawley and his daughter Grace.

"And then we should not know what to do with her; should we?"

"No; you would not."

"It would never do to have the poor girl about the house here, with no one to teach her anything. Mark would not teach her Greek verbs, you know."

"I suppose not."

"Lucy, you are not attending to a word I say to you, and I don't think you have for the last hour. I don't believe you know what I am talking, about."

"Oh, yes, I do—Grace Crawley; I'll try and teach her if you like, only I don't know anything myself."

"That's not what I mean at all, and you know I would not ask you to take such a task as that on yourself. But I do think you might talk it over with me."

"Might I? very well; I will. What is it? oh, Grace Crawley—you want to know who is to teach her the irregular Greek verbs. Oh dear, Fanny, my head does ache so: pray don't be angry with me." And then Lucy throwing herself back on the sofa, put one hand up painfully to her forehead, and altogether gave up the battle.

Mrs. Roberts was by her side in a moment. "Dearest Lucy, what is it makes your headache so often now? you used not to have those headaches."

"It's because I'm growing stupid: never mind. We will go on about poor Grace. It would not do to have a governess, would it?"

"I can see that you are not well, Lucy," said Mrs. Roberts, with a look of deep concern. "What is it, dearest? I can see that something is the matter."

"Something the matter! No, there's not; nothing worth talking of. Sometimes I think I'll go back to Devonshire and live there. I could stay with Blanche for a time, and then get a lodging in Exeter."

"Go back to Devonshire!" and Mrs. Roberts looked as though she thought that her sister-in-law was going mad. "Why do you want to go away from us? This is to be your own, own home, always now."

"Is it? Then I am in a bad way. Oh dear, oh dear, what a fool I am! What an idiot I've been! Fanny, I don't think I can stay here; and I do so wish I'd never come. I do—I do—I do, though you look at me so horribly," and jumping up she threw herself into her sister-in-law's arms and began kissing her violently. "Don't pretend to be wounded, for you know that I love you. You know that I could live with you all my life, and think you were perfect—as you are; but——"

"Has Mark said anything?"

"Not a word,—not a ghost of a syllable. It is not Mark; oh, Fanny!"

"I am afraid I know what you mean," said Mrs. Roberts in a low tremulous voice, and with deep sorrow painted on her face.

"Of course you do; of course, you know; you have known it all along: since that day in the pony carriage. I knew that you knew it. You do not dare to mention his name: would not that tell me that you know it? And I, I am hypocrite enough for Mark; but my hypocrisy won't pass muster before you. And, now, had I not better go to Devonshire?"

"Dearest, dearest Lucy."

"Was I not right about that labelling? O heavens! what idiots we girls are! That a dozen soft words should have bowled over me like a ninepin, and left me without an inch of ground to call my own. And I was so proud of my own strength; so sure that I should never be missish, and spoony, and sentimental! I was so determined to like him as Mark does, or you——"

"I shall not like him at all if he has spoken words to you that he should not have spoken."

"But he has not." And then she stopped a moment to consider.

"No, he has not. He never said a word to me that would make you angry with him if you knew of it. Except, perhaps, that he called me Lucy; and that was my fault, not his."

"Because you talked of soft words."

"Fanny, you have no idea what an absolute fool I am, what an unutterable ass. The soft words of which I tell you were of the kind which he speaks to you when he asks you how the cow gets on which he sent you from Ireland, or to Mark about Ponto's shoulder. He told me that he knew papa, and that he was at school with Mark, and that as he was such good friends with you here at the parsonage, he must be good friends with me too. No; it has not been his fault. The soft words which did the mischief were such as those. But how well his mother understood the world! In order to have been safe, I should not have dared to look at him."

"But, dearest Lucy—"

"I know what you are going to say, and I admit it all. He is no hero. There is nothing on earth wonderful about him. I never heard him say a single word of wisdom, or utter a thought that was akin to poetry. He devotes all his energies to riding after a fox or killing poor birds, and I never heard of his doing a single great action in my life. And yet—"

Fanny was so astounded by the way her sister-in-law went on, that she hardly knew how to speak. "He is an excellent son, I believe," at last she said,—

"Except when he goes to Gatherum Castle. I'll tell you what he has: he has fine straight legs, and a smooth forehead, and a good-humoured eye, and white teeth. Was it possible to see such a catalogue of perfections, and not fall down, stricken to the very bone? But it was not that that did it all, Fanny. I could have stood against that. I think I could at least. It was his title that killed me. I had never spoken to a lord before. O me! what a fool, what a beast I have been!" And then she burst out into tears.

Mrs. Roberts, to tell the truth, could hardly understand poor Lucy's ailment. It was evident enough that her misery was real; but yet she spoke of herself and her sufferings with so much irony, with so near an approach to joking, that it was very hard to tell how far she was in earnest. Lucy, too, was so much given to a species of badinage which Mrs. Roberts did not always quite understand, that the latter was afraid sometimes to speak out what came uppermost to her tongue. But now that Lucy was absolutely in tears, and was almost breathless with excitement, she could not remain silent any longer. "Dearest Lucy, pray do not speak in that way; it will all come right. Things always do come right when no one has acted wrongly."

"Yes, when nobody has done wrongly. That's what papa used to call, begging the question. But I'll tell you what, Fanny; I will not be beaten. I will either kill myself or get through it. I am so heartily self-ashamed that I owe it to myself to fight the battle out."

"To fight what battle, dearest?"

"This battle. Here, now, at the present moment, I could not meet Lord Lufton. I should have to run like a scared fowl if he were to show himself within the gate; and I should not dare to go out of the house, if I knew that he was in the parish."



"I don't see that, for I am sure you have not betrayed yourself."

"Well, no; as for myself, I believe I have done the lying and the hypocrisy pretty well. But, dearest Fanny, you don't know half; and you cannot and must not know."

"But I thought you said there had been nothing whatever between you."

"Did I? Well, to you I have not said a word that was not true. I said that he had spoken nothing that it was wrong for him to say. It could not be wrong——. But never mind. I'll tell you what I mean to do. I have been thinking of it for last week—only I shall have to tell Mark."

"If I were you I would tell him all."

"What, Mark! If you do, Fanny, I'll never, never, never speak to you again. Would you—when I have given you all my heart in true sisterly love?"

Mrs. Roberts had to explain that she had not proposed to tell anything to Mark herself, and was persuaded, moreover, to give a solemn promise that she would not tell anything to him unless specially authorized to do so.

"I'll go into a home, I think," continued Lucy. "You know what those homes are?" Mrs. Roberts assured her that she knew very well, and then Lucy went on: "A year ago I should have said that I was the last girl in England to think of such a life, but I do believe now that it would be the best thing for me. And then I'll starve myself, and flog myself, and in that way I'll get back my own mind and my own soul."

"Your own soul, Lucy!" said Mrs. Roberts, in a tone of horror.

"Well, my own heart, if you like it better; but I hate to hear myself talking about hearts. I don't care for my heart. I'd let it go—with this young popinjay lord or anyone else, so that I could read, and talk, and walk, and sleep, and eat, without always feeling that I was wrong here—here—here," and she pressed her hand vehemently against her side. "What is it that I feel, Fanny? Why am I so weak in body that I cannot take exercise? Why cannot I keep my mind on a book for one moment? Why can I not write two sentences together? Why should every mouthful that I eat stick in my throat? Oh, Fanny, is it his legs, think you, or is it his title?"

Through all her sorrow,—and she was very sorrowful,—Mrs. Roberts could not help smiling. And, indeed, there was every now and then something even in Lucy's look that was almost comic. She acted the irony so well with which she strove to throw ridicule on herself! "Do laugh at me," she said. "Nothing on earth will do me so much good as that; nothing, unless it be starvation and a whip. If you would only tell me that I must be a sneak and an idiot to care for a man because he is good-looking and a lord!"

"But that has not been the reason. There is a great deal more in

Lord Lufton than that; and since I must speak, dear Lucy, I cannot but say that I should not wonder at your being in love with him, only—only that——”

“Only what? Come, out with it. Do not mince matters, or think that I shall be angry with you because you scold me.”

“Only that I should have thought that you would have been too guarded to have—have cared for any gentleman till—till he had shown that he cared for you.”

“Guarded! Yes, that’s it; that’s just the word. But it’s he that should have been guarded. He should have had a fire-guard hung before him—or a love-guard, if you will. Guarded! Was I not guarded, till you all would drag me out? Did I want to go there? And when I was there, did I not make a fool of myself, sitting in a corner, and thinking how much better placed I should have been down in the servants’ hall. Lady Lufton—she dragged me out, and then cautioned me, and then, then——Why is Lady Lufton to have it all her own way? Why am I to be sacrificed for her? I did not want to know Lady Lufton, or any one belonging to her.”

“I cannot think that you have any cause to blame Lady Lufton, nor, perhaps, to blame anybody very much.”

“Well, no, it has been all my own fault; though for the life of me, Fanny, going back and back, I cannot see where I took the first false step. I do not know where I went wrong. One wrong thing I did, and it is the only thing that I do not regret.”

“What was that, Lucy?”

“I told him a lie.”

Mrs. Roberts was altogether in the dark, and feeling that she was so, she knew that she could not give counsel as a friend or a sister. Lucy had begun by declaring—so Mrs. Roberts thought—that nothing had passed between her and Lord Lufton but words of most trivial import, and yet she now accused herself of falsehood, and declared that that falsehood was the only thing which she did not regret!

“I hope not,” said Mrs. Roberts. “If you did, you were very unlike yourself.”

“But I did, and were he here again, speaking to me in the same way, I should repeat it. I know I should. If I did not, I should have all the world on me. You would frown on me, and be cold. My darling Fanny, how would you look if I really displeased you?”

“I don’t think you will do that, Lucy.”

“But if I told him the truth I should, should I not? Speak now. But no, Fanny, you need not speak. It was not the fear of you; no, nor even of her: though Heaven knows that her terrible glumness would be quite unendurable.”

“I cannot understand you, Lucy. What truth or what untruth can you have told him if, as you say, there has been nothing between you but ordinary conversation?”

Lucy then got up from the sofa, and walked twice the length of the room before she spoke. Mrs. Roberts had all the ordinary curiosity—I was going to say, of a woman, but I mean to say, of humanity; and she had, moreover, all the love of a sister. She was both curious and anxious, and remained sitting where she was, silent, and with her eyes fixed on her companion.

"Did I say so?" Lucy said at last. "No, Fanny; you have mistaken me: I did not say that. Ah, yes, about the cow and the dog. All that was true. I was telling you of what his soft words had been while I was becoming such a fool. Since that he has said more."

"What more has he said, Lucy?"

"I yearn to tell you, if only I can trust you;" and Lucy knelt down at the feet of Mrs. Roberts, looking up into her face and smiling through the remaining drops of her tears. "I would fain tell you, but I do not know you yet,—whether you are quite true. I could be true,—true against all the world, if my friend told me. I will tell you, Fanny, if you say that you can be true. But if you doubt yourself, if you must whisper all to Mark—then let us be silent."

There was something almost awful in this to Mrs. Roberts. Hitherto, since their marriage, hardly a thought had passed through her mind which she had not shared with her husband. But now all this had come upon her so suddenly, that she was unable to think whether it would be well that she should become the depositary of such a secret,—not to be mentioned to Lucy's brother, not to be mentioned to her own husband. But who ever yet was offered a secret and declined it? Who at least ever declined a love secret? What sister could do so? Mrs. Roberts therefore gave the promise, smoothing Lucy's hair as she did so, and kissing her forehead and looking into her eyes, which, like a rainbow, were the brighter for her tears. "And what has he said to you, Lucy?"

"What? Only this, that he asked me to be his wife."

"Lord Lufton proposed to you?"

"Yes; proposed to me? It is not credible; is it? You cannot bring yourself to believe that such a thing happened; can you?" And Lucy rose again to her feet, as the idea of the scorn with which she felt that others would treat her—with which she herself treated herself—made the blood rise to her cheek. "And yet it is not a dream. I think that it is not a dream. I think that he really did."

"Think, Lucy!"

"Well; I may say that I am sure."

"A gentleman would not make you a formal proposal, and leave you in doubt as to what he meant."

"Oh, dear no. There was no doubt at all of that kind; none in the least. Mr. Smith in asking Miss Jones to do him the honour of becoming Mrs. Smith never spoke more plainly. I was alluding to the possibility of having dreamt it all."

"Lucy!"

"Well; it was not a dream. Here, standing here, on this very spot, on that flower of the carpet, he begged me a dozen times to be his wife. I wonder whether you and Mark would let me cut it out and keep it."

"And what answer did you make to him?"

"I lied to him and told him that I did not love him."

"You refused him?"

"Yes; I refused a live lord. There is some satisfaction in having that to think of; is there not? Fanny, was I wicked to tell that falsehood?"

"And why did you refuse him?"

"Why? Can you ask? Think what it would have been to go down to Framley Court, and to tell her ladyship in the course of conversation that I was engaged to her son. Think of Lady Lufton. But yet it was not that, Fanny. Had I thought that it was good for him, that he would not have repented, I would have braved anything—for his sake. Even your frown, for you would have frowned. You would have thought it sacrilege for me to marry Lord Lufton! You know you would."

Mrs. Robarts hardly knew how to say what she thought, or indeed what she ought to think. It was a matter on which much meditation would be required before she could give advice, and there was Lucy expecting counsel from her at that very moment. If Lord Lufton really loved Lucy Robarts, and was loved by Lucy Robarts, why should not they two become man and wife? And yet she did feel that it would be—perhaps, not sacrilege, as Lucy had said, but something almost as troublesome. What would Lady Lufton say, or think, or feel? What would she say, and think, and feel as to that parsonage from which so deadly a blow would fall upon her? Would she not accuse the vicar and the vicar's wife of the blackest ingratitude? Would life be endurable at Framley under such circumstances as those?

"What you tell me so surprises me, that I hardly as yet know how to speak about it," said Mrs. Robarts.

"It was amazing; was it not? He must have been insane at the time; there can be no other excuse made for him. I wonder whether there is anything of that sort in the family."

"What; madness?" said Mrs. Robarts, quite in earnest.

"Well; don't you think he must have been mad when such an idea as that came into his head? But you don't believe it; I can see that. And yet it is as true as heaven. Standing exactly here, on this spot, he said that he would persevere till I accepted his love. I wonder what made me specially observe that both his feet were within the lines of that division."

"And you would not accept his love?"

"No; I would have nothing to say to it. Look you, I stood here, and putting my hand upon my heart,—for he bade me to do that, I said that I could not love him."

"And what then?"

"He went away,—with a look as though he were heart-broken. He crept away slowly, saying that he was the most wretched soul alive. For

a minute I believed him, and could almost have called him back. But, no, Fanny; do not think that I am over proud, or conceited about my conquest. He had not reached the gate before he was thanking God for his escape."

"That I do not believe."

"But I do; and I thought of Lady Lufton too. How could I bear that she should scorn me, and accuse me of stealing her son's heart? I know that it is better as it is; but tell me; is a falsehood always wrong, or can it be possible that the end should justify the means? Ought I to have told him the truth, and to have let him know that I could almost kiss the ground on which he stood?"

This was a question for the doctors which Mrs. Robarts would not take upon herself to answer. She would not make that falsehood matter of accusation, but neither would she pronounce for it any absolution. In that matter Lucy must regulate her own conscience. "And what shall I do next?" said Lucy, still speaking in a tone that was half tragic and half jeering."

"Do?" said Mrs. Robarts.

"Yes, something must be done. If I were a man I should go to Switzerland, of course; or, as the case is a bad one, perhaps as far as Hungary. What is it that girls do? they don't die now-a-days, I believe."

"Lucy, I do not believe that you care for him one jot. If you were in love you would not speak of it like that."

"There, there. That's my only hope. If I could laugh at myself till it had become incredible to you, I also, by degrees, should cease to believe that I had cared for him. But, Fanny, it is very hard. If I were to starve, and rise before day-break, and pinch myself, or do some nasty work,—clean the pots and pans and the candlesticks; that I think would do the most good. I have got a piece of sack-cloth, and I mean to wear that, when I have made it up."

"You are joking now, Lucy, I know."

"No, by my word; not in the spirit of what I am saying. How shall I act upon my heart, if I do not do it through the blood and the flesh?"

"Do you not pray that God will give you strength to bear these troubles?"

"But how is one to word one's prayer, or how even to word one's wishes? I do not know what is the wrong that I have done. I say it boldly; in this matter I cannot see my own fault. I have simply found that I have been a fool."

It was now quite dark in the room, or would have been so to any one entering it afresh. They had remained there talking till their eyes had become accustomed to the gloom, and would still have remained, had they not suddenly been disturbed by the sound of a horse's feet.

"There is Mark," said Fanny, jumping up and running to the bell, that lights might be ready when he should enter.

"I thought he remained in Barchester to-night."

"And so did I; but he said it might be doubtful. What shall we do if he has not dined?"

That, I believe, is always the first thought in the mind of a good wife when her husband returns home. Has he had his dinner? What can I give him for dinner? Will he like his dinner? Oh dear, oh dear! there's nothing in the house but cold mutton. But on this occasion the lord of the mansion had dined, and came home radiant with good humour, and owing, perhaps, a little of his radiance to the dean's claret. "I have told them," said he, "that they may keep possession of the house for the next two months, and they have agreed to that arrangement."

"That is very pleasant," said Mrs. Roberts.

"And I don't think we shall have so much trouble about the dilapidations after all."

"I am very glad of that," said Mrs. Roberts. But nevertheless, she was thinking much more of Lucy than of the house in Barchester Close.

"You won't betray me," said Lucy, as she gave her sister-in-law a parting kiss at night.

"No; not unless you give me permission."

"Ah; I shall never do that."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### SOUTH AUDLEY STREET.

THE Duke of Omnium had notified to Mr. Fothergill his wish that some arrangement should be made about the Chaldicotes mortgages, and Mr. Fothergill had understood what the Duke meant as well as though his instructions had been written down with all a lawyer's verbosity. The Duke's meaning was this, that Chaldicotes was to be swept up and garnered, and made part and parcel of the Gatherum property. It had seemed to the duke that that affair between his friend and Miss Dunstable was hanging fire, and, therefore, it would be well that Chaldicotes should be swept up and garnered. And, moreover, tidings had come into the western division of the county that young Frank Gresham of Boxall Hill was in treaty with the Government for the purchase of all that Crown property called the Chace of Chaldicotes. It had been offered to the duke, but the duke had given no definite answer. Had he got his money back from Mr. Sowerby, he could have forestalled Mr. Gresham; but now that did not seem to be probable, and his Grace was resolved that either the one property or the other should be duly garnered. Therefore Mr. Fothergill went up to town, and, therefore, Mr. Sowerby was, most unwillingly, compelled to have a business interview with Mr. Fothergill. In the meantime, since last we saw him, Mr. Sowerby had learned from his sister the answer which Miss Dunstable had given to his proposition, and knew that he had no further hope in that direction.



There was no further hope thence of absolute deliverance, but there had been a tender of money services. To give Mr. Sowerby his due, he had at once declared that it would be quite out of the question that he should now receive any assistance of that sort from Miss Dunstable; but his sister had explained to him that it would be a mere business transaction; that Miss Dunstable would receive her interest; and that, if she would be content with four per cent., whereas the duke received five, and other creditors six, seven, eight, ten, and heaven only knows how much more, it might be well for all parties. He, himself, understood, as well as Fothergill had done, what was the meaning of the duke's message. Chaldicotes was to be gathered up and garnered, as had been done with so many another fair property lying in those regions. It was to be swallowed whole, and the master was to walk out from his old family hall, to leave the old woods that he loved, to give up utterly to another the parks and paddocks and pleasant places which he had known from his earliest infancy, and owned from his earliest manhood.

There can be nothing more bitter to a man than such a surrender. What, compared to this, can be the loss of wealth to one who has himself made it, and brought it together, but has never actually seen it with his bodily eyes? Such wealth has come by one chance, and goes by another: the loss of it is part of the game which the man is playing; and if he cannot lose as well as win, he is a poor, weak, cowardly creature. Such men, as a rule, do know how to bear a mind fairly equal to adversity. But to have squandered the acres which have descended from generation to generation; to be the member of one's family that has ruined that family; to have swallowed up in one's own maw all that should have graced one's children, and one's grandchildren! It seems to me that the misfortunes of this world can hardly go beyond that!

Mr. Sowerby, in spite of his recklessness and that dare-devil gaiety which he knew so well how to wear and use, felt all this as keenly as any man could feel it. It had been absolutely his own fault. The acres had come to him all his own, and now, before his death, every one of them would have gone bodily into that greedy maw. The duke had bought up nearly all the debts which had been secured upon the property, and now could make a clean sweep of it. Sowerby, when he received that message from Mr. Fothergill, knew well that this was intended; and he knew well also, that when once he should cease to be Mr. Sowerby of Chaldicotes, he need never again hope to be returned as member for West Bassetshire. This world would for him be all over. And what must such a man feel when he reflects that this world is for him all over?

On the morning in question he went to his appointment, still bearing a cheerful countenance. Mr. Fothergill, when in town on such business as this, always had a room at his service in the house of Messrs. Gumption and Gagebee, the duke's London law agents, and it was thither that Mr. Sowerby had been summoned. The house of business of Messrs. Gumption and Gagebee was in South Audley Street; and it may be said

that there was no spot on the whole earth which Mr. Sowerby so hated as he did the gloomy, dingy back sitting-room up-stairs in that house. He had been there very often, but had never been there without annoyance. It was a horrid torture-chamber, kept for such dread purposes as these, and no doubt had been furnished, and papered, and curtained with the express object of finally breaking down the spirits of such poor country gentlemen as chanced to be involved. Everything was of a brown crimson,—of a crimson that had become brown. Sunlight, real genial light of the sun, never made its way there, and no amount of candles could illumine the gloom of that brownness. The windows were never washed; the ceiling was of a dark brown; the old Turkey carpet was thick with dust, and brown withal. The ungainly office-table, in the middle of the room, had been covered with black leather, but that was now brown. There was a bookcase full of dingy brown law books in a recess on one side of the fireplace, but no one had touched them for years, and over the chimney-piece hung some old legal pedigree table, black with soot. Such was the room which Mr. Fothergill always used in the business house of Messrs. Gumption and Gagebee, in South Audley Street, near to Park Lane.

I once heard this room spoken of by an old friend of mine, one Mr. Gresham of Greshamsbury, the father of Frank Gresham, who was now about to purchase that part of the Chace of Chaldicotes which belonged to the Crown. He also had had evil days, though now happily they were past and gone; and he, too, had sat in that room, and listened to the voice of men who were powerful over his property, and intended to use that power. The idea which he left on my mind was much the same as that which I had entertained, when a boy, of a certain room in the castle of Udolpho. There was a chair in that Udolpho room in which those who sat were dragged out limb by limb, the head one way and the legs another; the fingers were dragged off from the hands, and the teeth out from the jaws, and the hair off the head, and the flesh from the bones, and the joints from their sockets, till there was nothing left but a lifeless trunk seated in the chair. Mr. Gresham, as he told me, always sat in the same seat, and the tortures he suffered when so seated, the dislocations of his property which he was forced to discuss, the operations on his very self which he was forced to witness, made me regard that room as worse than the chamber of Udolpho. He, luckily—a rare instance of good fortune—had lived to see all his bones and joints put together again, and flourishing soundly; but he never could speak of the room without horror.

"No consideration on earth," he once said to me, very solemnly,—  
"I say none, should make me again enter that room." And indeed this feeling was so strong with him, that from the day when his affairs took a turn he would never even walk down South Audley Street. On the morning in question into this torture-chamber Mr. Sowerby went, and there, after some two or three minutes, he was joined by Mr. Fothergill.

Mr. Fothergill was, in one respect, like to his friend Sowerby. He enacted two altogether different persons on occasions which were altogether

different. Generally speaking, with the world at large, he was a jolly, rollicking, popular man, fond of eating and drinking, known to be devoted to the duke's interests, and supposed to be somewhat unscrupulous, or at any rate hard, when they were concerned; but in other respects a good-natured fellow; and there was a report about that he had once lent somebody money, without charging him interest or taking security. On the present occasion Sowerby saw at a glance that he had come thither with all the aptitudes and appurtenances of his business about him. He walked into the room with a short, quick step; there was no smile on his face as he shook hands with his old friend; he brought with him a box laden with papers and parchments, and he had not been a minute in the room before he was seated in one of the old dingy chairs.

"How long have you been in town, Fothergill?" said Sowerby, still standing with his back against the chimney. He had resolved on only one thing—that nothing should induce him to touch, look at, or listen to any of those papers. He knew well enough that no good would come of that. He also had his own lawyer, to see that he was pilfered according to rule.

"How long? Since the day before yesterday. I never was so busy in my life. The duke, as usual, wants to have everything done at once."

"If he wants to have all that I owe him paid at once, he is like to be out in his reckoning."

"Ah, well; I'm glad you are ready to come quickly to business, because it's always best. Won't you come and sit down here?"

"No, thank you; I'll stand."

"But we shall have to go through these figures, you know."

"Not a figure, Fothergill. What good would it do? None to me, and none to you either, as I take it; if there is anything wrong, Potter's fellows will find it out. What is it the duke wants?"

"Well; to tell the truth, he wants his money."

"In one sense, and that the main sense, he has got it. He gets his interest regularly, does not he?"

"Pretty well for that, seeing how times are. But, Sowerby, that's nonsense. You understand the duke as well as I do, and you know very well what he wants. He has given you time, and if you had taken any steps towards getting the money, you might have saved the property."

"A hundred and eighty thousand pounds! What steps could I take to get that? Fly a bill, and let Tozer have it to get cash on it in the city!"

"We hoped you were going to marry."

"That's all off."

"Then I don't think you can blame the duke for looking for his own. It does not suit him to have so large a sum standing out any longer. You see, he wants land, and will have it. Had you paid off what you owed him, he would have purchased the Crown property; and now, it seems, young Gresham has bid against him, and is to have it. This has riled him, and I may as well tell you fairly, that he is determined to have either money or marbles."

"You mean that I am to be dispossessed."

"Well, yes; if you choose to call it so. My instructions are to foreclose at once."

"Then I must say the duke is treating me most uncommonly ill."

"Well, Sowerby, I can't see it."

"I can, though. He has his money like clock-work; and he has bought up these debts from persons who would have never disturbed me as long as they got their interest."

"Haven't you had the seat?"

"The seat! and is it expected that I am to pay for that?"

"I don't see that any one is asking you to pay for it. You are like a great many other people that I know. You want to eat your cake and have it. You have been eating it for the last twenty years, and now you think yourself very ill-used because the duke wants to have his turn."

"I shall think myself very ill-used if he sells me out—worse than ill-used. I do not want to use strong language, but it will be more than ill-usage. I can hardly believe that he really means to treat me in that way."

"It is very hard that he should want his own money!"

"It is not his money that he wants. It is my property."

"And has he not paid for it? Have you not had the price of your property? Now, Sowerby, it is of no use for you to be angry; you have known for the last three years what was coming on you as well as I did. Why should the duke lend you money without an object? Of course he has his own views. But I do say this; he has not hurried you; and had you been able to do anything to save the place you might have done it. You have had time enough to look about you."

Sowerby still stood in the place in which he had first fixed himself, and now for awhile he remained silent. His face was very stern, and there was in his countenance none of those winning looks which often told so powerfully with his young friends,—which had caught Lord Lufton and had charmed Mark Robarts. The world was going against him, and things around him were coming to an end. He was beginning to perceive that he had in truth eaten his cake, and that there was now little left for him to do,—unless he chose to blow out his brains. He had said to Lord Lufton that a man's back should be broad enough for any burden with which he himself might load it. Could he now boast that his back was broad enough and strong enough for this burden? But he had even then, at that bitter moment, a strong remembrance that it behoved him still to be a man. His final ruin was coming on him, and he would soon be swept away out of the knowledge and memory of those with whom he had lived. But, nevertheless, he would bear himself well to the last. It was true that he had made his own bed, and he understood the justice which required him to lie upon it.

During all this time Fothergill occupied himself with the papers. He continued to turn over one sheet after another, as though he were deeply engaged in money considerations and calculations. But, in truth, during

all that time he did not read a word. There was nothing there for him to read. The reading and the writing, and the arithmetic in such matters, are done by underlings—not by such big men as Mr. Fothergill. His business was to tell Sowerby that he was to go. All those records there were of very little use. The duke had the power; Sowerby knew that the duke had the power; and Fothergill's business was to explain that the duke meant to exercise his power. He was used to the work, and went on turning over the papers, and pretending to read them, as though his doing so were of the greatest moment.

"I shall see the duke myself," Mr. Sowerby said at last, and there was something almost dreadful in the sound of his voice.

"You know that the duke won't see you on a matter of this kind. He never speaks to anyone about money; you know that as well as I do."

"By —, but he shall speak to me. Never speak to anyone about money! Why is he ashamed to speak of it when he loves it so dearly? He shall see me."

"I have nothing further to say, Sowerby. Of course I shan't ask his Grace to see you; and if you force your way in on him you know what will happen. It won't be my doing if he is set against you. Nothing that you say to me in that way,—nothing that anybody ever says, goes beyond myself."

"I shall manage the matter through my own lawyer," said Sowerby; and then he took his hat, and, without uttering another word, left the room.

We know not what may be the nature of that eternal punishment to which those will be doomed who shall be judged to have been evil at the last; but methinks that no more terrible torment can be devised than the memory of self-imposed ruin. What wretchedness can exceed that of remembering from day to day that the race has been all run, and has been altogether lost; that the last chance has gone, and has gone in vain; that the end has come, and with it disgrace, contempt, and self-scorn—disgrace that never can be redeemed, contempt that never can be removed, and self-scorn that will eat into one's vitals for ever?

Mr. Sowerby was now fifty; he had enjoyed his chances in life; and as he walked back, up South Audley Street, he could not but think of the uses he had made of them. He had fallen into the possession of a fine property on the attainment of his manhood; he had been endowed with more than average gifts of intellect; never-failing health had been given to him, and a vision fairly clear in discerning good from evil; and now to what a pass had he brought himself!

And that man Fothergill had put all this before him in so terribly clear a light! Now that the day for his final demolition had arrived, the necessity that he should be demolished—finished away at once, out of sight and out of mind—had not been softened, or, as it were, half-hidden, by any ambiguous phrase. "You have had your cake, and eaten it—eaten it greedily. Is not that sufficient for you? Would you eat your



cake twice? Would you have a succession of cakes? No, my friend; there is no succession of these cakes for those who eat them greedily. Your proposition is not a fair one, and we who have the whip-hand of you will not listen to it. Be good enough to vanish. Permit yourself to be swept quietly into the dunghill. All that there was about you of value has departed from you; and allow me to say that you are now—"rubbish." And then the ruthless besom comes with irresistible rush, and the rubbish is swept into the pit, there to be hidden for ever from the sight.

And the pity of it is this—that a man, if he will only restrain his greed, may eat his cake and yet have it; ay, and in so doing will have twice more the flavour of the cake than he who with gourmandizing maw will devour his dainty all at once. Cakes in this world will grow by being fed on, if only the feeder be not too insatiate. On all which wisdom Mr. Sowerby pondered with sad heart and very melancholy mind as he walked away from the premises of Messrs. Gumption and Gagebee.

His intention had been to go down to the House after leaving Mr. Fothergill, but the prospect of immediate ruin had been too much for him, and he knew that he was not fit to be seen at once among the haunts of men. And he had intended also to go down to Barchester early on the following morning—only for a few hours, that he might make further arrangements respecting that bill which Robarts had accepted for him. That bill—the second one—had now become due, and Mr. Tozer had been with him.

"Now it ain't no use in life, Mr. Sowerby," Tozer had said. "I ain't got the paper myself, nor didn't 'old it, not two hours. It went away through Tom Tozer; you knows that, Mr. Sowerby, as well as I do."

Now, whenever Tozer, Mr. Sowerby's Tozer, spoke of Tom Tozer, Mr. Sowerby knew that seven devils were being evoked, each worse than the first devil. Mr. Sowerby did feel something like sincere regard, or rather love, for that poor parson whom he had inveigled into mischief, and would fain save him, if it were possible, from the Tozer fang. Mr. Forrest, of the Barchester bank, would probably take up that last five hundred pound bill, on behalf of Mr. Robarts,—only it would be needful that he, Sowerby, should run down and see that this was properly done. As to the other bill—the former and lesser one—as to that, Mr. Tozer would probably be quiet for awhile.

Such had been Sowerby's programme for these two days; but now—what further possibility was there now that he should care for Robarts, or any other human being; he that was to be swept at once into the dung-heap?

In this frame of mind he walked up South Audley Street, and crossed one side of Grosvenor Square, and went almost mechanically into Green Street. At the farther end of Green Street, near to Park Lane, lived Mr. and Mrs. Harold Smith.



## Physiological Riddles.

### III.—LIVING FORMS.

THE builder of an organ, it has been said, must be a wise man; and the non-mechanical part of the world will willingly concede the point. We wonder at a skill and forethought which can create from passive wood and metal an instrument so elaborately planned, so subtly tuned to harmony. It is a grand example of man's dominion over matter. So with any other mechanical triumph. We not only admire, but on man's behalf we are proud of, the chronometer, the steam-engine, the thousand contrivances for abridging labour with which our manufacturing districts abound. But suppose there were a man who could construct one or all of these under quite different conditions; who, without altering by his own exertion the operation of one of the natural laws, could bid a steam-engine arise, or a watch grow into shape; who, while he made wheel, or lever, or pipe, and fitted them into orderly connection to achieve his ends, could yet show us that the natural forces, the properties involved in the things themselves, accomplished all; and could demonstrate to us for each useful or beautiful result a chain of causation reaching to the heart of all things:—were not that more wonderful—infinately more?

And so if we could discover for the exquisite forms of living things, for that marvellous grace of vegetable life which fills us with a wonder ever new, and a delight that familiarity cannot deaden—for the astonishing adaptations of structure in the animal frame, which, though yet but half-revealed, even science dwells on with a reverent awe—if for these things we could discover a cause that would link them with the heart of all things, should we not be glad? Should we not wonder, and admire, and feel that a secret not less than sacred had been revealed to us?

Life is lovely every way. Even if we look upon it as an isolated thing, existing apart from the rest of nature, and using the inorganic world merely as a dead pedestal on which to sustain itself, it is still beautiful. Not even a narrow thought like this can strip it of its charm. But narrow thoughts like this have unhappily the power of drawing a veil around the eyes, and closing up the heart until it clings to baseless vagaries of fancy as if they were consecrated truths, and shrinks from nature's deeper teaching with superstitious dread.

How lovely life were if it were but a revealing! the bright blossom wherein nature's hidden force comes forth to display itself; the necessary outpouring of the universal life that circulates within her veins, unseen. How lovely, if life were rooted in nature's inmost being, and expressed to us in the most perfect form the meaning of the mighty laws and impulses which sway her, and which, as written on the seas, and rocks,

and stars, is too vast for us to grasp: the bright and merry life, with its ten thousand voices, bursting forth from the dim and silent Law which rules the world, as in the babbling spring, the stream that has run darkling underground bursts forth and sparkles to the sun.

If we carry this thought with us, and remember that nothing can make life less beautiful or less divine, but that to see life essentially involved in nature, and flowing as a necessary consequence from her profoundest laws, would make those laws, to us, unutterably more divine and beautiful, we can enter into the spirit of a remonstrance which Bacon addressed to the men of his age, and may feel, perhaps, that it is even yet not out of date:—"To say that the hairs of the eyelids are for a quick-set and fence about the sight; or that the firmness of the skins and hides of living creatures is to defend them from the extremities of heat and cold; or that the bones are for the columns, or beams, whereupon the frame of the bodies of living creatures is built; or that the leaves of the trees are for the protecting of the fruit; or that the clouds are for watering of the earth; or that the solidness of the earth is for the station and mansion of living creatures; and the like: is well inquired and collected in metaphysic, but in physic they are impertinent; nay, they are indeed but remoras and hindrances, to stay and slug the ship from further sailing, and have brought this to pass, that the search of the physical causes hath been neglected and passed in silence."

"The search of the physical causes has been neglected and passed in silence." Is not this still true in respect to the form and structure of living things? Partly a genuine and natural wonder at the exquisite beauty and perfection of their adaptations—which fill the mind with a sense of rest and satisfaction, as if their beauty were sufficient reason for their being, and exonerated the intellect from inquiry into the means by which they are effected—and, partly, feelings less to be commended, have stayed and slugged the ship of science from further sailing here.

But this is greatly to our loss. We cannot tell, indeed, how greatly to our loss it may be; or what insight into grand, or even materially useful laws we thus forego. This much is evident, that we lose thereby the opportunity of discovering whether there be proof of that unity of the vital and other laws, which, if it exist, it would delight and amaze us so to recognize, and which would justify us in raising to a level so much higher, our entire conception of the scheme of creation. For it is by the discovery of the *physical* causes of the results we witness in life, that the evidence of this unity must be given. The study of the *final* causes, or uses aimed at, true and beautiful as it is, tends rather to separate than to unite the organic and the inorganic world. We are apt, so, to put asunder in our thought what God has joined together, and (if we are not watchful of ourselves) may seek to elevate the one by degradation of the other.

To trace the ends achieved by living forms—the adaptation of the eye to light, of the ear to sound, the dexterous grace of the hand, the steadfast balance of the foot, the strength of bone, and delicate response of nerve

to Nature's lightest touch, is a delightful task, and endless as it is delightful. To turn from this pursuit (which ever allures us on, and makes our labour its own immediate reward), and seek mere passive causes in the physical conditions which make these things necessary, might seem to be, if a needful sacrifice for science-sake, yet still a sacrifice, and a descent to lower ground. But it is not really so. How often in our experience it happens that the apparently uninviting study becomes full of the intensest interest, and yields the richest fruit. Not the flowery meadow, but the steep and rugged path, leads to the mountain's top; and he who in studying living forms contents himself with enjoying their beauty, and tracing their design, sports like a child with flowers in the vale, and foregoes the wider horizon and the clearer day which reward him whose toilsome feet achieve the summit.

Is the study of Living Form so hard and tedious, then (and chilling too), that nothing but climbing up an icy mountain can be compared to it? By no means. It is of an almost incredible simplicity. And this is the wonder of it. The simplicity of the mode by which organization is brought about, increases a hundredfold the wondrousness of life, and adds the new mystery of an almost inconceivable economy of means to the already overwhelming mystery of multiplicity and grandeur in the ends.

It is in life as it is in thought—the matter is furnished from one source, the form from another. Of all the expounders of a great discovery it is well known that the discoverer himself is one of the worst. For the most part he is altogether in the clouds; and when he endeavours to come down to the apprehension of common men they can seldom perceive anything but a mist. In fact, he carries his cloud with him; and whether it shine glorious in the western sun, or enwrap us in a chilling fog, a cloud is but a cloud, nor (if we except a few electric flashes, which may dazzle but not enlighten) can anything but a general damping be got out of it. Nature, in truth, divides her work. To one man she assigns the task of originating the new thought; to another, that of imparting to it a fitting shape, and adapting it to the uses of mankind. So discoveries become known and spread. The popularizer succeeds to the philosopher, and the knowledge that would else have been wasted on a few becomes available for all. Sometimes these co-workers only succeed each other at long intervals, and secrets wrung from nature by the toil or genius of one age wait—as seeds may wait for ages ere the vivifying warmth and moisture call them into growth—for the time and the man who, at a far distant epoch, shall adapt them to the wants and understandings of the race. Sometimes, by happier chance, the expositor follows quick upon the thinker; but, quickly or slowly, he must come. The "how" is no less essential than the "what."

Just so it is in respect to life. Because it is wrought into shapes of exactest harmony, and complex and subtle adaptation, the organic world bears its pre-eminence. The living matter were of little avail without the

vital form. To no purpose were the forces of nature (grasped, as we can hardly help thinking, in a living and friendly hand) modified into the vital mode of action, and directed to the production of the marvellous organic substance, if a power were not present to receive and tend it, to mould it into beauty for delight, and knit it into strength for use.

And what this power is, a little observation will reveal to us. It may

Fig. 1.



be traced in every wayside plant, and lies hidden in every bud. Fig. 1, for example, represents a leaf of the Potentilla. The reader will observe that, while the central leaflet is nearly symmetrical, the two lateral leaflets are very decidedly unsymmetrical, the superior half of each being smaller than the inferior. It appears as if the upper edge of the leaflet had been trimmed. If now we take a leaf at an earlier stage of its development, the

Fig. 2.



cause of this difference in form, or, at least, one of its causes, will be evident. Fig. 2 shows the bud of a similar leaf before it has completely unfolded. The different leaflets are evidently not similarly circumstanced: the lateral ones are so folded that while their lower halves are free, their superior halves are in contact with the central leaflet and with each other, and so are impeded in their growth. The central leaflet, lying equally between them, expands equally on each side. The common strawberry leaf shows the same form arising in the same way.

Or let us pass to another simple object. Fig. 3 represents a pea which

Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Pea which has germinated in water.

a Plumule.  
b Radicle.

has been made to germinate in water. The radicle has grown freely into a spiral form; the plumule has risen up into a curve. Of the spiral radicle we shall speak by and by; at present let us look at the plumule. Would it be thought that a great and most important law in the production of organic form is here exhibited? But it is so. The reason of the bent-up form which the plumule assumes is easily discovered. The end of it is fixed by being embraced between the two halves (or cotyledons) of the pea (see Fig. 4), and the stalk, therefore, as it lengthens, necessarily grows into a projecting curve. It is a result of *growth under limit*. Does it not seem almost puerile to make matter of special observation of such a thing as this? Yes, it is puerile; it is like a child. And the kingdom of science Lord Bacon has observed, is like the kingdom of heaven in this, that only by becoming as a child can it be entered.

Every organ of the body begins in this very way: by a curved projection of the growing substance. Let us look, for instance, at the first-formed organs in the development of the chicken within the egg. Figs. 5 and 6 represent them in section: they are slight elevations, and are called the "Dorsal Plates," because they are gradually developed into the spinal column.

These elevations are formed out of a layer of cells called the "germinal membrane," from



Fig. 5.  
Transverse section of the dorsal plates. The dotted lines represent the enclosing membranes (after Wagner).

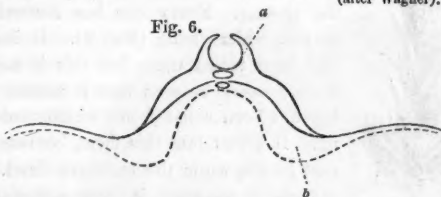


Fig. 6.  
The same, at a more advanced period of development (after Todd and Bowman).  
a Dorsal plates. b Commencement of a similar fold in another layer of membrane.

which all the parts of the bird are gradually evolved. It is represented in Fig. 7. Can we help asking whether this may not be a case like that of the growing pea? Whether these *ridges* are not formed because the membrane is *growing under limit*, and is expanding in length while its ends are fixed?

If we should ask this question, there are facts which will enable us to answer it. The layer of cells is growing under limit; it is contained in a dense capsule or external membrane, which does interfere with its

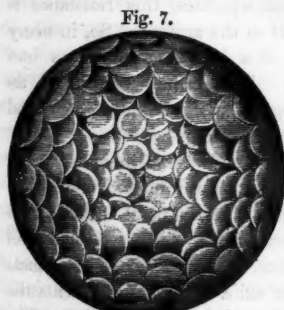


Fig. 7.  
Germinal membrane, at early stage (after Bischoff); the cells rounded.

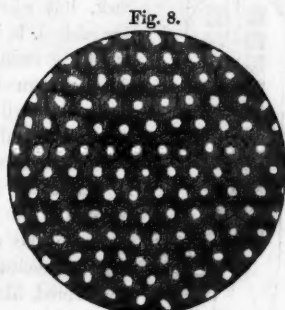


Fig. 8.  
Germinal membrane, at a later period; the cells flattened by pressure.

free expansion. There is proof that this is the case. Figure 7 represents the cells of which the germinal membrane consists when it is first formed. They are nearly round, and lie in simple contact with each other. But after a short time, as they grow, their shape changes. They become pressed together by the resisting capsule, and present a hexagonal appearance, as shown in Fig. 8. No one doubts that this change in the

form of the cells is due to the pressure arising from their increase under limit. Can we doubt, then, that the rising up of the dorsal plates is due to the same cause? in fact, that it is just such a rising up as we see in the plumule of the pea? If we spread a handkerchief on a table, place the hands flat upon it a little way apart, and gradually bring them nearer to each other, we produce similar ridges.



Fig. 9.

Young frond of the Male Fern.

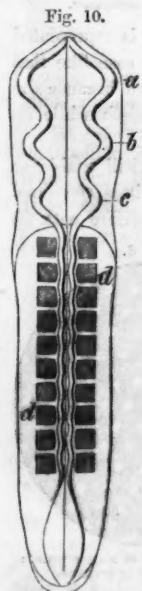


Diagram of the chicken in an early stage (after Wagner). The double lines represent the dorsal plates before described.

a anterior lobe of brain.  
b middle lobe.  
c posterior lobe.  
d rudiments of the backbone.

The frond of a common fern again illustrates the process. Every one has noticed how it is curled, when young (Fig. 9). It looks as if it had been rolled up. But this is not the case; it may easily be seen that it cannot be. There has not been a flat frond which could be curled up. It *grows* into this form, because the central part grows, while the ends are fixed. With the increase of the plant, it becomes free and uncurls; but it has never curled. The curling is an appearance due to its growth.

Or let us take another class of forms. The buds of plants almost always grow in the axils of the leaves. It is not hard to see a reason for this. The axil is the interval between the leaf and the stem; a kind of vacuity or space, into which the growing tissues may most easily expand. All the rest of the surface of the stem is covered in by the hard resisting bark, but where the leaf separates, this resistance is diminished. It is the joint in the armour. So, in many rapidly growing plants, if a leaf be wounded, a bud springs from the spot. The wound constitutes an artificial "axil." So, again, in "budding," a wound is made to enable the new root to grow.

One reason, then, why buds come in axils surely is, that there the least resistance is offered to the expansion of the soft substance of the plant. If we turn again to the development of the bird, we shall find what is precisely analogous.\* Very many of the organs are formed, like buds, in axils. Fig. 10 represents the young chicken at an early period of its formation. The brain consists, then, of three small lobes.

Now, in the interspaces or axils, between these lobes, the eye and the ear bud out. These organs grow where a free space is afforded for them, at the

\* It is the same in all vertebrate animals, but the bird is most easily examined.



points of separation between the lobes which, at this early period, constitute the brain. The eye "buds out" between the first and second lobes, the ear between the second and third. They are at first hollow protrusions, merely, of the substance of the brain. The attached portion, or "pedicle" lengthens and becomes relatively smaller afterwards, and constitutes respectively the optic and auditory nerve.

Or, let us look at the fully developed brain of any of the higher mammalia. Fig. 11 is a representation of that of man. The surface is wrinkled up in all

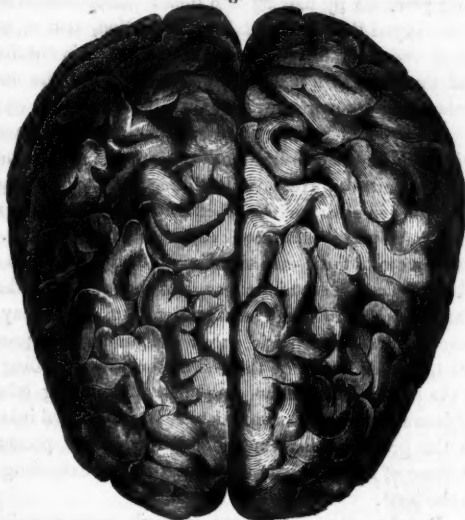
directions, constituting quite a maze of elevated ridges, called *convolutions*. Do not these recall the "dorsal plates" (Fig. 5)? Are they not evidently formed in the same way? The external layer of the brain, expanding beneath the dense resisting skull, is folded into these "convolutions" for lack of space.

Surely, we have thus discovered one of the causes of the forms of living things, in the mechanical conditions

under which they are developed. The chemical forces, as we have seen, are used to produce the living substance; mechanical force, in the resistance of the structures which surround the growing organism, is used to shape it into the necessary forms. This is nature's division of labour. These are the simple means employed by the Creator for bringing into being the marvels of the organic world. Chemical force stores up the power, the mechanical resistance moulds the structure. We shall see this more truly by and by.

For the question arises, how far this reference to mechanical conditions may be carried. Evidently that cause is operative, but is it the only one? In answer to this question, we may say first, that, since the mechanical conditions present during its formation do, to a certain extent, determine the structure which the growing organism assumes, and may be seen to produce some of the beautiful and useful forms which it displays, we may not assume other causes until it is proved that these are insufficient.

Fig. 11.



The convolutions of the brain.

Here is a fact: the mechanical conditions under which plants and animals are developed have a power of determining their forms in the right and necessary way. The limit of this power must be learnt by observation.

But, again, there is demonstration in the nature of things that this must be the law, and that mechanical causes must determine living forms. Organic bodies, like all other material things, appear to consist of minute particles, on the arrangement or position of which their form depends. Now, evidently, in respect to living things, these particles have assumed their positions by moving into them. This motion of theirs, then, must have obeyed the universal laws of motion, one of which is, that it takes the direction of least resistance; that is, it is mechanically determined; and the form of living things is a result of the mechanical conditions under which they grow.

Or, if we look at the matter in another way, the conclusion is equally evident. Let us consider for a moment the circumstances of a developing plant or animal. Here is the living substance; it is a soft plastic mass increasing in size; the forces of nature are operating upon it, adding to its bulk. Around it is a more or less resisting envelope. Will it not necessarily grow in those directions in which its extension is the least resisted? The case is, to a certain extent, like that of taking the copy of a medal in wax—it is a very rough comparison, but still it may help us to grasp the general idea—the plastic substance, under the pressure of the artist's hand, moulds itself into the desired form by extending where the resistance is the least. There is no possibility of its doing otherwise. The case is as demonstrable as a proposition in Euclid. And it is equally so in respect to the growing plant or animal; under the pressure arising from the increase of its mass, it will mould itself by extending where the resistance is the least.

But the process, of course, is much more complex than in this simple illustration. Perpetual changes and modifications are taking place, and especially in this respect, that every step in the development has its share in determining all that follow. Every newly formed part or organ, each minutest fold, becomes at once a factor in the process. Thus it is, of course, that from seeds, all of them so much alike, their widest diversities being apparently trivial, the infinite variety of vegetable form arises. The slightest incipient diversities are continually reproduced and multiplied, like a slight error in the beginning of a long calculation; and thus very trivial differences of form or structure between two seeds may generate an absolute unlikeness in the resulting plants.

But the true evidence of this law of living form is that which every one may find for himself. Every part of every creature, in which the means of its formation can be traced, will furnish it. If the bud of any flower be opened at an early stage, it will be seen how the petals grow into shape, modelled by the enclosing calyx; how the stamens are leaves that have not been able to unfold, and the anthers exactly fill the cavity

of the bud, receiving thence their form. Or if the pod of the common pea be opened at various periods, the formation of the pea within it may be traced, under the influence of the like conditions; the plumule growing between the cotyledons when their expansion is resisted, and being itself a bud formed in an axil. Everywhere may be discerned more or less clearly a plastic expanding tissue, modelled by the varying resistances it meets. In individual instances, no observer has been able to ignore this fact. "I fear," says Mr. Ruskin, in his recent volume,\* discussing the formation of the branches of trees by fibres descending from the leaves, "I fear the reader would have no patience with me, if I asked him to examine, in longitudinal section, the lines of the descending currents of wood, as they eddy into the increased single river. Of course, it is just what would take place if two strong streams, filling each a cylindrical pipe, ran together into one larger cylinder, with a central rod passing up every tube. But as this central rod increases, and at the same time the supply of the stream from above, every added leaf contributing its little current, the eddies of wood about the fork become intensely curious and interesting; of which thus much the reader may observe in a moment, by gathering a branch of any tree (*laburnum* shows it better, I think, than most), that the two meeting currents, first wrinkling a little, then rise in a low wave in the hollow of the fork, and flow over at the side, making their way to diffuse themselves round the stem (as in Fig. 12). Seen laterally, the bough bulges out below the fork, rather curiously and awkwardly, especially if more than two boughs meet at the same place, growing in one plane. If the reader is interested in the subject, he will find strangely complicated and wonderful arrangements of stream when smaller boughs meet larger."

Fig. 12.



The reader will perceive how exactly this description and figure illustrate the principle. But no enumeration of instances could do justice to the evidence, or have any other effect than that of making the unlimited seem scanty. The proof is everywhere. One general fact may be referred to—the universally spiral form of organic bodies. The most superficial glance reveals a spiral tendency as a general characteristic both of the vegetable and animal creation; but a minute examination traces it in every detail. An essentially spiral construction is manifested from the lowest rudiments of life, upwards throughout every organ of the highest and most complex animal. The beautifully spiral forms of the branches of many trees, and of the shells which adorn the coast, are striking examples merely of an universal law. But the spiral is the direction which a body moving under resistance ever tends to take, as may be well seen by watching a bubble rising in water, or a moderately heavy body sinking through it. They

\* *Modern Painters*, vol. v. p. 46.

will rise or sink in manifestly spiral curves. *Growth under resistance* is the chief cause of the spiral form assumed by living things. Parts which grow freely show it well;—the horns of animals, or the roots of seeds when made to germinate in water (as shown before in Fig. 3). The expanding

Fig. 13.

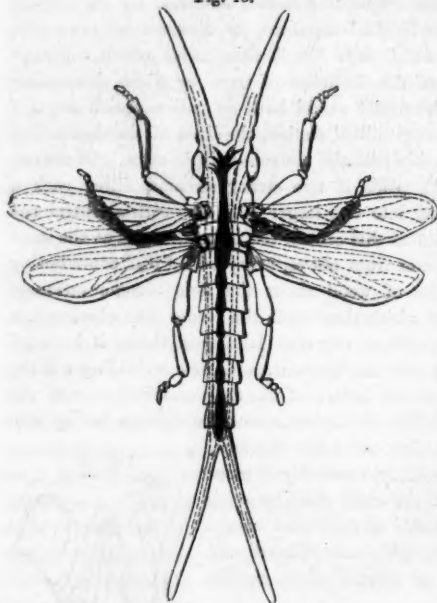


Diagram of the circulation in a winged insect. The dark central portion represents the heart; it extends nearly the whole length of the body.

represents the heart of an insect. When the organ is to be developed into a more complex form, the first step in the process is its twisting into the shape shown in Fig. 14. It is like what takes place when we hold a flexible rod in our hands, and gradually approximate its ends. The straight tube is growing within a limited space, and therefore "coils itself into a spiral form." And this fundamental form it retains throughout all its subsequent development.

Fig. 14.



Heart of mammal at an early stage (after Bischoff). The central expanded portion is the heart; above and below are the blood-vessels communicating with it.

But if this principle is true, why has it been overlooked? and why have men fallen into a way of speaking as if living matter had some inherent tendency to grow into certain forms, or as if masses of cells could model themselves, by some faculty or power of their own, into elaborate and complex shapes?

tissue, compressed by its own resisting external coat, wreathes itself into spiral curves. A similar result may be attained artificially by winding a thread around a leaf bud on a tree, so as to impede its expansion; it will curve itself into a spiral as it grows.

The formation of the heart is an interesting illustration of the law of spiral growth. That organ originates in a mass of pulsating cells, which, gradually becoming hollow, gives the first form of the heart in a straight tube, more or less subdivided, and terminating at each extremity in blood-vessels. This is the permanent form of the heart in many animals. Fig. 13

It seems a strange thing that they should have done so, and yet it may easily be accounted for. The simplicity of nature's working is too profound for man's imagination to fathom, and is revealed only to humble seeking and steadfast self-control. Never could men have guessed that through such means such results could be achieved, even by a skill they deemed divine. And if we ask why it was not examined and observed long ago, the answer is, that other causes had been invented, and men had made up their minds. There was a "plastic power," a "specific property," a "formative *nisus*," or "effort." Shall we go on with the list? Is it any wonder that men could not see a simple, commonplace fact like this—that living things grow as they cannot help growing?

And, truth to say, there is all excuse for them. Nature is a wise and patient instructress of our ignorance. She never hurries us; but is content that we should read her lesson at last, after we have exhausted all our guesses. Has the reader ever taught a child to read, or watched the process? If so, he has seen a "great fact" in miniature; the whole history of science on a reduced scale. For will not the urchin do any conceivable thing rather than look at the book? Does he not, with the utmost assurance, call out whatever letter comes uppermost, whatever word presents to his little imagination the slightest semblance of plausibility? He never looks until he cannot guess any more.

Mothers are patient, Heaven be praised; but not so patient as our great Mother. For when the young rogue, finding it is of no use to guess any more, says, in mock resignation, "I can't tell," the maternal indignation will sometimes flash forth. But when we, finding that the mystery of life will not yield to our hypotheses, say, "We cannot learn it; it is a mystery insoluble," no sound of impatience or rebuke escapes the calm lips of Nature. Silently as of old the great volume is spread out before us year by year. Quietly and lovingly, as at the first, her finger points us to the words, written in tender herb, and stately tree, and glowing flower; ever to our hearts repeating her simple admonition, "Look." She knows we shall obey her when the time is come.

But we are wandering from the subject. The law that the mechanical conditions under which they grow determine the form of living things, requires, like all laws, to be seen in its relations. It does not, of course, operate alone. The expanding germ is moulded into its shape by the resistances it meets; but the expansion has its own laws, and does not always take place equally in all directions. For the most part, in growing organisms, the tendency to growth exists more strongly in some parts than in others; and this varying tendency depends on causes which, though they are sometimes discoverable, are not always so. Let us revert to the case of the dorsal plates before referred to (Figs. 5 and 6). If they are caused to rise up by the expansion of the germinal membrane within its unyielding capsule, it is evident that this membrane must be growing chiefly in one direction (that at right angles to their length). It is the same in almost every case, but this one instance will suffice. Now this tendency to growth

in particular directions is sometimes merely apparent, and arises from these being the directions in which there is least resistance to expansion. Sometimes, however, it seems to be due to a greater intensity, in certain parts, of the forces which produce growth; as, for instance, to a local *decomposition* generating a greater energy of vital action in that part, according to the law explained in a previous paper. In these cases, the local growth resembles the increased development of plants on the side which receives most light. And the causes of the greater energy of growth in one part than another, may be often traced back several steps; as when an increased *pressure* produces a local decomposition, and this gives rise again to a new organizing action.

Thus some apparent exceptions to the law of growth in the direction of least resistance receive an explanation. As, for example, that the root extends beneath the soil, and overcomes the resistance of the earth. The answer to this objection is, first, that the soft cellular condition of the growing radicles forbids the idea that the roots force themselves into the ground; and secondly, that their growth is accounted for by the presence in the soil of the agencies which produce growth. In truth, the formation of the root affords a beautiful illustration of the law of least resistance, for it grows by insinuating itself, cell by cell, through the interstices of the soil, winding and twisting whithersoever the obstacles in its path determine, and growing there most, where the nutritive materials are added to it most abundantly. As we look on the roots of a mighty tree, it appears to us as if they had thrust themselves with giant violence into the solid earth. But it is not so; they were led on gently, cell added to cell, softly as the dews descended and the loosened earth made way. Once formed, indeed, they expand with an enormous power, and it is probable that this expansion of the roots already formed may crack the surrounding soil, and help to make the interstices into which the new rootlets grow. Nor is there any good reason for assuming that the roots encounter from the soil a greater resistance to their growth than the portions of the stem meet with from other causes. We must not forget the hard external covering of the parts exposed to air and light. In some classes of palms this resistance is so great that the growth of the tree is stopped by it.

Similar to the case of the root are those in which mushrooms have been known to lift up heavy masses by their growth, sometimes raising in a single night a stone weighing many pounds. The forces which produce growth operate with enormous power. And well they may; for they are essentially the same forces—those arising from the chemical properties of bodies—which in our own hands produce the most powerful effects, and are often indeed so violent in their action as to be wholly beyond our control. But it is clear that such cases as this can offer no difficulty in respect to the laws of growth. Every one must see that the mushroom would certainly not have raised the stone if that had not been the direction in which its expansion was resisted least.

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Mr. Herbert Spencer\* has given an elaborate illustration of the effect of external agencies in determining growth in special directions. He cites the fir-tree as an instance. "If we examine a common fir-tree—and I choose a fir-tree, because the regularity in its mode of growth makes the law more than usually manifest—we shall find that the uppermost branches, which grew out of the leading shoot, have radially arranged branchlets (*i. e.* growing equally on all sides), and each of them repeats on a smaller scale the type of the tree itself. But if we examine branches lower and lower down the tree, we find the vertically growing branchlets bear a less and less ratio to the horizontally growing ones. Shaded and confined by those above them, these eldest branches develop their offshoots in those directions where there are most space and light; becoming finally quite flattened and fan-shaped. The like general truth is readily traceable in other trees."

Similar results may be traced in flowers, in many of which, as Mr. Spencer points out, a change from one form to another, with changing circumstances, may be distinctly seen. But into these cases, interesting as they are, we cannot enter now; nor into the remarkable experiments by which Mr. Rainey has demonstrated the production of shell and bone in conformity with the simplest laws of physics. Nor can we even refer to the many applications of the facts we have noted, and the principles which they suggest, to the subjects of repair and development. May we not sum up their lesson in the words of the great American physiologist, Dr. J. W. Draper:—"The problems of organization are not to be solved by empirical schemes; they require the patient application of all the aids that can be furnished by all other branches of human knowledge, and even then the solution comes tardily. Yet there is no cause for us to adopt those quick but visionary speculations, or to despair of giving the true explanation of all physiological facts. Since it is given us to know our own existence, and be conscious of our own individuality, we may rest assured that we have, what is in reality a far less wonderful power, the capacity of comprehending all the conditions of our life. Then, and not till then, will man be a perfect monument of the wisdom and power of his Maker, a created being knowing his own existence, and capable of explaining it."

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\* *In the British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review for January, 1859.*

## Thieves and Thieving.

THE subject of this article has been a good deal written about, and is somewhat repulsive in itself; but so long as thieves exist, the best means for their suppression cannot be considered as having been attained; and whilst the community at large suffers so much from thieving, we must continue to examine the evil with a view to its cure. This question of crime has been discussed and written upon from many different points of view. Inspectors, moral reformers, gaol chaplains, literary men, legislators, and novelists, all these have had something to say about thieves. But as yet the writer is not aware that anything has been written about thieves by one who might consider himself a working clergyman, going amongst the thieves with no official purpose, with no literary design, going amongst them as their accepted friend, visiting their sick, and sometimes kneeling by the bedside of the dying thief. This was exactly my position in one of the largest towns in England for nearly two years. During that time I had unlimited access to the *thieves' quarter*, at all hours, and under any circumstances. Weddings, midnight gatherings, benefit nights, public-houses, I have witnessed them all. How I gained the confidence of the criminal fraternity I cannot tell. I only sought their welfare, never went amongst them without some good errand, never asked questions about their affairs, and never meddled with things that did not belong to me, and it is due to the thieves themselves to say, that I never received from any of them, whether drunk or sober, an unkind look, or a disrespectful word; and in writing this article I have no design of betraying the confidence of the thieves, or of mentioning a single guilty name. My purpose is not to state all I know, but to put before the public such points as may be of use in the understanding and mitigation of crime—points which I have gathered from a long and patient study of the question, and some of which points have received vivid illustration in my own personal knowledge. Without stating what I know by reading, and what by personal observation, I shall record things as they struck me in the course of my experience, and describe them as they were, sharpened into the vividness of reality by the living persons and the living scenes that were around me.

The first thing that drew my attention was the fraternity or complete organization of the thieves. They select some particular quarter for their residence, and it is no uncommon thing for three or four contiguous streets to be wholly tenanted by them; and these houses are no bad property either, for the thieves will pay almost any amount of rent, and pay it regularly, for the sake of keeping together. The aspect of the thieves' quarter is generally low and dingy, but not by any means so ruffianly as some would think. They are more quiet and orderly than

one could expect, for they say it does not pay to make rows in their own territory. Persons regularly visiting these haunts, or residing in them, are compromised in the eyes of the police, and suspiciously watched by these minions of the law. Still there is a good deal of "chaffing" going on between the thieves and the police, and it is sometimes laughable to see the way in which any Verdant Greens in blue clothes are hoaxed and befooled. But it is not all pleasant jesting, for they sometimes quarrel—quarrel, strange to say, about constitutional privileges, such as sitting on your own doorstep, or the lawfulness of smoking your pipe astride your own area railing. Many a thief has tried the right in petty quarrels of this kind, for it is literally true that they have certain notions about the respectability of their district, and the better class of thieves are very indignant at any interference with their liberties as British subjects. As you penetrate further into the *arcana* of the thieves' quarter, you gradually become acquainted with a complete organization and system of things of which the outside world knows nothing, and with which no stranger is allowed to meddle. They have public-houses, shops, tradesmen, lodging-houses, private regulations, an upper and lower class—in short, an *imperium in imperio*, by means of which they are enabled to carry on their nefarious practices with greater secrecy, security, and success. In many instances they are kind to each other. A man coming out of prison is provided with a home, food, and boon companions. They help their sick, bury their dead, and do something for the bereaved children. They have a language of signs and words which only themselves can thoroughly understand, and a gesture which may seem unmeaning to the passer-by would make him quake with fear if he knew the significance of that seemingly unintentional act. By means of these signs and passwords the thieves can wander about from one town to another, always being sure of a home, and the companionship of kindred spirits, although visiting that town for the first time.

But if an acquaintance with the thieves' quarter revealed to me the amazing subtlety and cleverness of the pilfering fraternity, it also taught me the guilty fear, the wretchedness, the moral guilt, and the fearful hardships that fall to the lot of the professional thief. To-night they attend a pleasure party in the upper rooms of some dingy-looking house in a back street, gay, kind, light-hearted, and happy, outdoing—as I have seen—in their roystering mirth, the orgies in the *Beggar's Opera*; to-morrow they are fetched out of their beds by the police, locked up in prison, tried, and condemned to penal servitude. They are never safe a moment, and this constant jeopardy produces a constant nervousness and fear. Sometimes, when visiting their sick, I have gently laid my hand on the shoulder of one of the thieves who happened to be standing in the street. The man would "start like a guilty thing upon a fearful summons," and it would take him two or three minutes to recover his self-possession sufficiently to ask me, "How are you, sir, to-day?" Some might suppose that if we wanted an affecting illustration of the adage, "Suspicion haunts

the guilty mind," it would be supplied in the crimson hues that flush over the cheek of innocent childhood when detected in a little wrong; but I never saw the adage so painfully illustrated as in the thieves' quarter, by the faces of grey-haired criminals whose hearts had been worn into hardness by the dishonouring chains of transportation. When, in the dusk of the evening, I have accosted one of them standing idly on the public-house steps, I have spoken in a low and altered tone, so that he might not at first recognize me; again the guilty start, as the man bent forward, anxiously peering into my face.

When I beheld their wretchedness, their terror, their moral guilt, and their degradation—when I thought of the terrible evils which my criminal friends were inflicting upon the community—when I remembered that they were men, and witnessed their generosity, the honour of their own clan, the talents many of them displayed; when I saw, in some instances, the evidence of superior education, heard them talk of the literary periodicals of the day, discussing their contents—as I often saw them carefully reading the daily newspaper—I could not help asking them, How in the world has it come to this with you? What could have brought you to such infamy and degradation? In looking over police reports and criminal statistics, there are many items as to the origin of the thieving class; and our Records now and then treat us to a speech on the causes of crime; but, as the particulars of a thief's antecedents must be to some extent furnished by himself, the official statement is imperfect and not very trustworthy, especially when we remember that most thieves glory in "gammoning" and misleading the officers of the law. It is a fact, that the majority of thieves hold it meritorious and a triumph to cajole and deceive the representatives of law, and I found that the only way of getting at the whole truth was to wait for their own unsolicited information. As my intercourse with the thieves increased, the truth gradually dawned upon me; until, at length, I gathered by my own observation enough *data* on which to form some definite conclusions about the causes of crime.

In entering upon this department of my experience, it must be premised that the majority of criminals seem to be under a cloud of romantic misanthropy; they regard themselves as victimized by evils for which they are not altogether responsible, and from which they cannot escape. Every one has an excuse, a tale, an account to give, which relieves them from a part of the blame of their first offences; and I am bound to say that there is some truth in many of their statements relative to their early culpability. Very few of them adopt a life of crime from the sheer love of wrong-doing, and though they have, and must have, evil tendencies, the initiation of a criminal career is often wrought by the force of circumstances, or by the inveiglements of those who are already committed to a dishonest course. The sources of crime are so interfused that it is difficult to speak of them in detail, but so far as the guilty affinities and entanglements can be separated, they may be briefly classified as follows. *Some are trained to thieving from their infancy.* Their parents are thieves in most cases; in

others, the children are orphans, or have been forsaken by their parents, and in such cases the children generally fall into the hands of the regular thief-trainer. In every low, criminal neighbourhood, there are numbers of children who never knew their parents, and who are fed and clothed by the old thieves, and made to earn their wages by dishonest practices. When the parent thieves are imprisoned or transported, their children (many of the thieves are married) are left to shift for themselves, and so fall into the hands of the professional thief-trainers. Here then is one great source of crime. These children are nurtured in it; they come under no good moral influence, and until the Ragged Schools were started they had no idea of honesty, to say nothing of morality and religion. Sharpened by hunger, intimidated by severe treatment, and rendered adroit by vigilant training, this class of thieves is perhaps the most numerous, the most daring, the cleverest, and the most difficult to reform. What is there in these youths to which the moral reformer can appeal? Is there any conscience in that young mind shaped in dishonesty? Have they any sense of kindness, love, or gratitude? In a moral point of view, these thieves are much worse off than the savages of the open wilderness, inasmuch as all the advantages of civilization are made to serve their criminal habits.

The next source of crime is *vagrancy*. There may be a few honest beggars; but, given an opportunity, the majority of them are thieves. Occasionally they begin by stealing things of small value, until, their purloining habits being cultivated, they doff the vagrant, and are admitted into the ranks of the professional thieves. In not a few instances the cringeing, whining, inoffensive, and seemingly timid beggar, is the spy and pioneer of the expert and organized gang of thieves; and so long as vagrancy is encouraged, so long will it be impossible to dry up the sources of crime. Those who are too lazy to earn their bread, generally resort to dishonest means of living. Through *drunkenness* and *debauchery* many lose their employment and shift about from place to place, until at length their unsteadiness disqualifies them from holding any situation, and they are no longer able to obtain employment. For this class, three courses are open—the workhouse, vagrancy, and thieving. The first has too much restraint, the second is too slow, and so they resort to the last.

That there is in some a *natural tendency* and *strong bias* towards dishonesty, is a fact beyond dispute; these like thieving: it becomes a habit and a passion with them; and if, after having tasted the stolen waters, they might have their choice between an honest and a dishonest course, they would prefer the latter. It is no very uncommon thing for men who have left the profession to associate frequently with thieves, and to do a little pilfering occasionally for old acquaintance sake.

A *love of adventure* is strong in the breasts of many men; leading some to the army, some to the navy, others to the colonies, and some to foreign travel. This love of adventure, combined with recklessness and laxity of principle, takes a criminal direction, making a poacher in the country, and a thief in the town. It is said of some that they never



like to be at a "fast end," or they like to be at "a loose end." For these unstable people, who are perpetually changing their employment, as though they had made up their minds to roll restlessly up and down in the world for the term of their natural lives, there are three chances: to be a "jack of all trades," to remain poor, or to turn thief. A man who will "stick to nothing" must realize one of these three chances, and which of the three, is not unfrequently determined by circumstances. A repugnance to constant, monotonous, and plodding industry, has hindered the advancement of most, and caused the ruin of many.

What may be called "*bad families*," are another prolific source of crime. Thieving, and some other crimes seem to be hereditary, running in the same families for generations. It is somewhat difficult to watch this phenomenon in large towns; but in country villages the fact is proverbial. When a depredation has been committed in a country village, the constable looks to certain families, just as the town policeman looks to certain streets; and when the delinquent is removed to prison, "like one of his breed," "they always were a bad lot," are the staple, and generally truthful phrases in the village gossip; and although it is difficult to trace the offshoots of bad families in large towns, the results of the inquiries I have made, tend to confirm my belief in the theory, both as applied to town and country. The above remarks by no means exhaust the question of the causation of crime; but no one can mingle with thieves without feeling the force of these observations. Temptation, laziness, vice, necessity, a depraved will, are the sad and prolific fountains of the streams of criminal life.

The poor helpless little children, who literally grow up into a criminal career, who have no means of knowing that they are wrong, and who cannot help themselves, have strong claims on the compassion of every lover of his species. Some of them are fine-looking fellows, with bright and piercing eyes, ample foreheads, finely-chiselled lips, clear and winning faces, symmetrical contour, and well-proportioned limbs. When I have seen them dressed in their best attire, looking so well that some of them would be an ornament to any drawing-room, so far as a handsome appearance is concerned, my heart has ached to know that there was nothing but a criminal career in prospect for the merry, prattling, and beautiful boy. I also found another class of thieves whose case commended itself to my deep commiseration—young men, originally honest, who had lapsed into crime through momentary temptation. These, after the commission of a first offence, are overwhelmed with a deep sense of shame and personal loathing; which, instead of being the means of their recovery, renders them desperate, and plunges them into a life of crime. To go back to pure life would be to expose themselves to suspicion, desertion, taunts and sneers; and as they cannot face these mortifications, they feel embittered, and bid adieu to the habits and associates of their *quondam* honest life.

I was frequently struck with the migratory and fluctuating character of the population in the thieves' quarter. They were continually moving, and, although there were a few who seemed to be permanent residents, I



hardly ever went amongst them without meeting with fresh faces. Where could the unfailing supply come from? Whence the new recruits? Most of them came from other towns, some from prison, and some from penal servitude. These constant changes led me to ponder over the perpetuation of crime, and I often asked myself, how do the criminal classes reproduce and perpetuate themselves from age to age? They neither seemed to wear out nor die out; it is true of thieves, as of mankind in general, "One generation passeth away, and another cometh." In groping about for the roots of the criminal upas, I found many things which fostered, and some things which rendered inevitable the perpetuation of the genus thief. The thieves' organization helps to perpetuate crime. Men and women get so linked in and interlaced with the general colony, that it is almost impossible to escape to honest circles and industrial life. Mutual obligations, mutual crimes, and even the attachments of friendship arising out of companionship in danger, suffering, sensuality, and crime, render it very difficult for the confirmed thief to tear himself from the haunts and the society of criminal life. This "thieves' quarter" enables the thieves to escape for a time detection and arrest. All are so far pledged to one another, that they will do anything to facilitate the escape of one of their clan; and when the police are anxious to catch a thief, they have not only to contend with his ability to keep out of their hands, but they have to struggle against an expert fraternity located in every important town in England. Every thief tries to avoid detection, and almost every other thief in Britain will do his best to conceal and help him. Again, if a youth takes to thieving and is alone in his course, he soon finds company and a home in the thieves' quarter, where his lagging courage will be stimulated and the ignorance of his inexperience be corrected by the craft of old and practised rogues.

The thrall of sensual pleasure forms a strong chain in the continuity of crime. Given a set of men and women who neither fear God nor regard man—given a community which lives only for the enjoyment of the passing hour—given a set of people who will let nothing come between them and their sensual enjoyments—given a set of people whose mental and moral nature has either been formed in this community, or degraded down to its awful level: and then, what follows? More follows than shall be written here; more than can ever be told, and more than is ever known, save to the oldest and most abandoned of the tribe. There is every animal gratification and every sensual indulgence; theirs the consuming passions which are the offspring of laziness—poison-flowers, stimulated and quickened in their growth by feverish excitement and unrestrained indulgence. Occasionally, they can afford to dress themselves in the richest attire, drink the most costly wines, and partake of the most luxurious and expensive viands.

Is there no pleasure-attraction in all this? They are not confined to one locality, but may roam the world over and live anywhere, except where there is no possibility of plunder. They have no responsibility,

except that of desperate and well-trained courage, and no care, except to keep out of the hands of the police. Is there no enjoyment in this for selfish and vicious natures? Thieves have their pleasure parties, balls, reunions, social evenings, and trips to watering-places. Music sheds its charm over their merry hours, and the poetry of motion unites with the poetry of sound. Dances, from the dexterous hornpipe to the quiet *varsoviana*, and back again to the whirling waltz, or the jaunty tread of the country dance; songs from the *Flash Reciter* or the last new opera contribute in turn to the amusements of the evening. Bound in these syren chains, who need wonder that the class is perpetuated?

Many a thief is kept in reluctant bondage to crime from the difficulty he finds in obtaining honest employment and earning honest bread. Many thieves are fond of their criminal courses; but others of them are utterly weary of the hazard, disgrace, and suffering, attaching to their mode of life. Some of them were once pure, honest, and industrious, and when these are sick, or in prison, they are frequently filled with bitter remorse, and make the strongest vows to have done with the guilty life.

Suppose a man of this sort in prison. His eyes are opened, and he sees before him the gulf of remediless ruin into which he will soon be plunged. He knows well enough that the money earned by thieves goes as fast as it comes, and that there is no prospect of his ever being able to retire on his ill-gotten gains. He comes out of prison determined to reform. But where is he to go? What is he to do? How is he to live? Whatever may have been done for him in prison is of little or no avail, if as soon as he leaves the gaol he must go into the world, branded with crime, having no character to lose, unprotected, and unhelped. The discharged prisoner must be friendly with some one, and he must live. His criminal friends will entertain him, on the understood condition that they are repaid from the booty of his next depredation. Thus the first food he eats, and the first friendly chat he has, become the half-necessitating initiative of future crime. Frequently, the newly-discharged prisoner passes through a round of riot and drinking immediately on his release from a long incarceration; as any other man would do, in similar circumstances, who had no fixed principles to sustain him. And so, by reason of the rebound of newly-acquired liberty, and the influence of the old set, the man is again demoralized. The discharged prisoner leaves gaol with good resolves, but the moment he enters the world there rises before him the dark and spectral danger of being hunted down by the police—of being recognized and insulted—of being shunned and despised by his fellow-workmen—of being everywhere contemned and forsaken.

It would be easy for me to furnish instances in which men surrounded by these difficulties have despaired of honest life, and gone back to their old habits in hopeless disgust. But with very many thieves a change of conduct is solely a question of pleasure and money. They will tell

you plainly that they are not going to work hard for 1*l.* per week, when by thieving they can easily earn 5*l.* per week, and live like gentlemen.

The encouragement of vagrancy has helped to continue the plague of thieving. Not only does it furnish an opportunity to spy out premises—and there is a good deal in that—but it loosens the moral principles, generates laziness, and supports a class which, generally speaking, merges into the criminal community. Many of them beg either because it affords a pretext and cover for thieving, or else because they are not clever enough to live by stealing. The persons who most encourage vagrancy are difficult to get at, and hard to convince. Any beggar knows that his supporters are chiefly, if not solely, among the middle and lower classes of society. The blame of the evil lies at the door of a maudlin philanthropy. These benevolent people think they serve their fellow creatures by foolish almsgiving; they grumble at the poor-laws, and are niggardly to respectable and trustworthy charities, while they bestow their alms on some cringing rascal who gets his lazy living by pilfering, lying, and fraud. A little more worldly wisdom would correct that pernicious charity which makes no difference between known and unknown, and neglects a starving neighbour to relieve a worthless stranger.

The hardening influence of prison life is another perpetuator of crime. The meeting of thieves in prison is more pernicious to themselves than their meeting out of it, because within the prison walls there are inducements to corrupt and harden one another, which do not so fully obtain when they are at large. Who can tell the blackest tale, who can make crime most exciting and attractive, who can pour the wittiest amount of derision on rectitude, who can most cleverly “dodge” the jail officers, who can bear punishment in the most hardened manner,—these are the heroes and objects of admiration to many of the inmates of a prison. If a man does not endure his punishment bravely, he is so teased and jeered by his fellow prisoners, that he not unfrequently commits, designedly, some flagrant breach of prison rule, in order that, by braving the punishment and enduring it without flinching, he may redeem his lost character for hardihood.

One of the chief causes of the perpetuation of crime is the training of young thieves. They are born, nurtured, reared, educated, professional thieves. No ray of moral light ever shines upon them; no intercourse with purity or honesty ever falls to their lot; no good feeling is ever allowed to predominate; all their passions are distorted, all their faculties are perverted. They believe the clergy are all hypocrites, the judges and magistrates tyrants, and honest people their bitterest enemies; believing these things sincerely, and believing nothing else, their hand is against every man, and the oftener they are imprisoned the more is their dishonesty strengthened. If they learn to read, it is that they may study the police reports; and so imbued are their young minds with crime that

they cannot sustain a long conversation without resorting to "thieves' latin." Of these youngsters the following, quoted from memory, is a tolerably accurate description :

"In a damp and dreary cellar I was born;  
Want, and cold, and hunger found me there forlorn.  
God, perhaps, in pity heard me,  
For a heart of courage stirred me,  
And I gave back blow for blow, scorn for scorn.

"Nature stamped her frown upon me at my birth,  
Never did my look betoken love or her worth;  
So I shun the sight of morning,  
Deeds of darkness oft performing,  
Wandering ever scorned and scornng through the earth."\*

Until this nursery of young thieves can be destroyed, there is no prospect that thieving will come to an end in this country, or in any other.

I had not gone long amongst the thieves, before I found that they had a language and literature of their own—a literature which demoralizes the whole nature, and erases from the mind and conscience all the lines of distinction between right and wrong. To graft notions of probity on natures thus degraded, is like building a house on a foundation of quicksand. I quote a number of thieves' words and phrases, by means of which they generally converse; and it will be seen that, whilst there are no words to express goodness, justice, or virtuous deeds, the whole of "thieves' latin" seems to have been studiously constructed with a view to elude and destroy every notion of wickedness and wrong.\* Poultry-stealer—*beak-hunter*; buyer of stolen property—a *fence* or *bloak*; one who steals while bargaining with a shopkeeper—a *bouncer*; enticer of another to play—*buttoner*; to alter the maker's name of a watch—to *christen a Jack*; to put the works of a watch out of one case into another—to *church a Jack*; burglary—to *crack a case*; a man who travels about the country pretending to be a doctor—a *crocus*; one who cuts trunks from the backs of carriages—a *dragsman*; the treadmill—*everlasting staircase*; breaking a window quietly—*starring the glaze*; trainer of young thieves—*kidsman*; transported—*lagged*; to rob a till—*pinch a lobb*; confederate of thimblemen—*nobbler*; robbing shops by pairs, one bargaining while the other steals—*palming*; a person marked out for plunder—a *plant*; a stolen piece of Irish linen—a *roll of snow*; bad money—*sheen* or *sinker*; passer of bad money—*smasher*; stealer of linen from a clothes' line—*snow dropper*; stolen property—*swag*; to go about half naked—*on the shallows*; to steal into a room through the window—to *go the jump*; thief of kitchens and cellars—*area sneak*; coiner of bad money—*turner-out* or *bit-faker*; stealers of lead pipes—*blue pigeon flyers*; handcuffs—*bracelets*; plunderers of drunken men—*bug-hunters*; selling obscene songs—*busking*;

\* See *London Antiquary's Dictionary of Modern Slang*, &c.

entering a dwelling house during divine service—*dead lurk*; convicted of thieving—*done for a ramp*; imprisonment for six months—*half a stretch*; wrenching off knockers—*drawing teeth*; to shoot a man—*to flip*; searched by a policeman—*frisked*; City missionary—*gospel-grinder*; shoplifting—*hoisting*; a man who robs children—*a kinchin cove*; hidden from the police—*laid up in lavender*; a little thief passed through a small hole to let in the gang—*little snakes-man*; to drug a person, and then rob him—*hocuss*; thieves who watch for countrymen at railway stations and in the streets—*magsmen*; forged bank-notes—*queer screens*; the condemned cell—*salt-box*; a whipping in prison before the justices—*scroby*; to be hanged—*die in shoes*; thieves who rob persons of their watches—*thimble-twisters*; thief with long fingers, expert at picking ladies' pockets—*a wire*.

This list of criminal slang might have been extended much further—might have been carried lower down into the iniquitous region; but no good end could be answered by that. Let any thoughtful man ask himself, what must be the moral condition of a people with such a vernacular?

In its wider range, thieves' literature embraces obscene prints, flash songs, immoral books, and degrading performances in low theatres and penny gaffs. Who that has witnessed the performances in these dens of infamy, can ever forget the *gusto* and relish with which the poisonous abominations are listened to by a criminal audience? The song of Claude Duval, in the play of *Jack Sheppard*, "who carved his name on Newgate stone," and other unmentionable pieces, leave *Don Giovanni* and *Traviata* far behind—firing the hot and distempered blood of many a young and daring thief. In these scenes vice is made alluring by art and beauty, and the lowest deeds of man assume the shape of heroism. The impure literature, so difficult of access, and so expensive to the fast young man, is to the thief as common and as cheap as his daily food. But I have already gone low enough into the human sewerage, and gladly return to less tainted topics.

No man can study the thieves, without being struck with the strange contradictions that they present. The more I tried to comprehend them the more I was perplexed; and as I wandered brooding through the streets, the words of the Arabian poet would sometimes occur to me: "O thou who occupiest thyself in the darkness of night, and in peril! spare thy trouble; for the support of Providence is not obtained by toil." They were not logical, and therefore I could reduce them to no syllogistic formula. There comes an end to all things, and, at length, there came an end to my bewilderment. I arrived at the conclusion that I had got into the mystery of iniquity, and, resolving to search no more for the central arcanum, I satisfied myself with grasping and understanding a few of the leading elements in a life of crime. They have a feeling of chivalry amongst them, and some of them would sacrifice their lives for their code of honour. They perform for each other many a kind and generous deed.



In the following verse, taken from a pet flash song, you have a comical specimen of this sort of guilty chivalry :—

"A cross cove\* is in the street for me,  
And I a poor girl of a low degree:  
If I was as rich as I am poor,  
Ye never should go on the cross no more."

But this honour among thieves is often violated. There are a few men and women among thieves called *nosers*. They are so called, because they are in the secret pay of the police, giving information when the information will not lead to the crimination of themselves. I would not give much for a "noser's" life, if his brethren found him out in his treachery.

Another contradiction to their honour is that they often quarrel over the division of the spoil; this leads to spite, and through spite a thief will sometimes turn informer. Two thieves stole some plate, among which was a very valuable silver inkstand; having mutilated it, one went to a Jew with it, whilst the other remained in the street. The Jew examined it, saw that it was stolen, made some demur, and then, handling it very suspiciously, put it into his desk, which he locked: to the astonishment of the thief; who was still more surprised when Moses said, "He vosh a young man vat he greatly respected, and therefore advised him to be off vile he vos safe." The thief went into the street to confer with his associate, when they agreed to re-enter the house and demand the restitution of their property. The Jew denied the transaction, and opened the desk to prove it, when lo! it was gone. He accused one of the thieves of deceiving his companion, and the quarrel led to a discovery.

I had not pursued my quiet mission among the thieves for many months, without discovering the damning fact, that they had no faith in the sincerity, honesty, or goodness, of human nature; and that this last and vilest scepticism of the human heart, was one of the most powerful influences at work in the continuation of crime. They believe people in general to be no better than themselves, and that most people will do a wrong thing if it serves their purpose. They consider themselves better than many "square" † people who practice commercial frauds. Not having a spark of faith in human nature, their case is all but hopeless; and only those who have tried the experiment can tell how difficult it is to make a thief believe that you are really disinterested, and only mean him well. Put all these causes of the perpetuation of crime together—organization, drunkenness, immoral literature, difficulty of obtaining employment, the hardening and corrupting influence of prison life, the luxuries and spree of the boozing-kens; think of the way in which these things are interlaced, of the absorption of the moral whirlpool, the liability and temptation of the industrious, the refuge which the modern Alsatia affords to idlers and vagabonds, and then you may arrive at some conclusion as to the continuity of thieving. My observation convinces me that many, nay

\* "Cross cove"—thief.

† Thieves' slang for honest.



all thieves, are confirmed in thieving before they well know either where they are or what they are about. Before they know the nature of the stream they are drifted out to sea, and before they can become conscious of their danger, they are bound in a network of iron. No Macbeth witches can cause to pass before the dreamy eyes of the young thief the shadowy forms of his future self, in the different stages of his career, onward through a life of crime and misery, to its last phase of degradation—infamy and death. Talking over this point one afternoon in my study, with a grey-haired thief, the old man told me with much emphasis, that no young thief could bear his own existence if he could foresee all he has to pass through before he gets to the end. But where is the clairvoyant, the astrologer's glass, or the play that can hold this veiled future up to the gaze of thieves, tear off the drapery, and disclose the coming fate in all its ghastly and horrible anatomy? These fascinations, this masked future, these mocking demons, howl out a malignant fate to thievery.

Thieving, with all its terrors, miseries, costliness, and enormity, is a dark streak in the otherwise brightening horizon of modern civilization. It flits in the portentous shadows of prison walls, and there is a voice from the echoes of every policeman's footfall telling of something bad under the surface of society, and cautioning us to beware of the danger. We never retire to rest without feeling that we may be maimed and terror-stricken in our beds, or waking, may find the hard earnings of honest toil purloined, beyond possibility of recovery, by a set of worthless vagabonds who are too lazy to earn their own living, and who, with the cowardly rascality that belongs to them, subsist on the stolen property of others. Will there ever be an end to thieves and robbers? Is there no means of getting rid of this interminable expense, damage, and terror? The criminal statistics of Britain for the last few years show plainly that thieving may be lessened, and is actually on the decrease. The Recorder of Birmingham, a short time ago, in remarking on the decrease of crime, observed that "there was a close connection between prosperity and integrity; and also that the great decrease in crime, as shown in the criminal statistics for the past year, was mainly owing to the prosperity with which the country had been favoured." Mr. Hill's ground in this position is not altogether satisfactory. This assigned cause for the decrease of crime indicates no improvement of moral principle, and is, logically speaking, a mere accident. According to this, a year of adversity would turn the scales again in the wrong direction; and besides, if cheapness and plenty lessen thieving, the good is more than counteracted by the increase of debauchery, intemperance, and over-speculation, which returning prosperity always brings to debase commerce and morals. But whilst objecting to the position laid down by the distinguished Recorder of Birmingham—objecting to it because it teaches nothing, nor holds out any fixed and substantial hope—I pay sincere homage to his eminent services in the cause of moral and criminal reform, and most heartily rejoice with him in the decrease of crime. This encouraging criminal

balance-sheet for the past year should stimulate both statesmen and moralists to a more searching inquiry into the general subject of thieving, and to a rigorous application of more direct and practical measures.

A brief examination of existing anti-thieving agencies may not be altogether without interest to the general reader. Prisons exist in abundance; and if the loss of personal liberty, fetters, and severe punishment, could have cured crime, there would have been an end to it long since. As equitable punishment for wrongs done, prisons have not frequently erred on the side of mercy; but as reformatory and curative institutions, prisons are a failure—a huge and costly failure. Certainly prisons are a terror to evil-doers, and how many have been deterred from thieving by the dread of being sent to prison can never be ascertained: no doubt they have intimidated many; but, perhaps, not one thief in a thousand has been made a reformed character by passing through a prison.

Great changes have taken place within the last twenty years in the treatment of prisoners, and many of the changes are decided improvements; but there is danger here: danger, lest crime should give the scoundrel a vantage-ground over the honest and industrious poor; danger, lest the terror, hardship, and punishment justly belonging to dishonesty and vice, should be neutralized by a mistaken and maudlin philanthropy. Prisons are doing about all they can do for the reformation of offenders; and that "all" may be wrapped in a very little compass. Crime must be punished: the thieves themselves tell me that if anything steps in between crime and suffering, by way of separating the one from the other, there will be an end to all safe government; or, to use their own phrase, "there would be no livin' for 'em."

The police force of this country—a splendid, useful, and living monument to the late Sir Robert Peel—is a most efficient and well-managed arm of the law. Many of the police are very lazy, some are stupid bunglers, and a few of them may be in secret league with the thieves; but taking them on the whole, they are about as efficient a body of men as we can expect to have for such a service on such terms. Common householders are generally very ignorant of the duties of the police, and some of the gentlemen stuck-up in blue take advantage of this ignorance; it might be well, therefore, if a printed explanation of the powers and duties of the police were in the hands of every ratepayer, together with a direction how to proceed when a policeman failed in his duty.

The benefits which the community at large reaps from the police establishment are these three:—1st. Crime is detected. 2nd. Crime is checked. 3rd. Crime is prevented. But with the *cure* of crime the police force has, and can have, nothing to do. There is no honest asp that can be hammered into a thief's skull out of a policeman's truncheon, nor any elevating lesson of self-respect to be learned from the steel bracelets of the law.

Ragged schools, reformatory institutions, and penitentiaries—more par-

ticularly the former—are rendering valuable service to the country, and purifying some of the foulest springs that contribute to the general stream of criminal life. Many of these youths, under the beneficial treatment of the above-mentioned institutions, will become honest and industrious, and a few of them may possibly rise to something higher. Ragged school and reformatory institutions are not without their beneficial influences on the criminal classes generally; they act as beacons of warning, of honour and hope, to the different colonies of thievery: of warning, that a course of evil must result in misery;—of honour, that some of their own ranks have thrown off the manacles of crime and risen superior to the terrible circumstances to which they were born; and of hope, to those who are waking to something resembling the dawn of a moral consciousness, and see before them a possibility of escape and a place of refuge.

In my intercourse with thieves, I obtained a great deal of light on the reception which the thieves give to the reforming agency of religion, and of the place which religion holds in their views; but although I could offer many valuable suggestions on this part of the question, such hints would be out of place here. I may just, however, say that religious tracts distributed among thieves are of no use, and the only pamphlets of this kind that could be of any service to them, should be written down to their level, and done in "thieves' latin;" the thieves would read them with the utmost eagerness, and I respectfully commend this suggestion to the Religious Tract Society.

The agencies that are at work for the arrest of crime are all, more or less, working to good purpose and conducing to a good end. Had I previously known nothing of the zeal and labour that have been expended during the last few years on behalf of the criminal population, I should have learnt from my intercourse with the thieves themselves that a new spirit was getting amongst them, and that something for their good was going on outside thievery. The thieves—the worst of them—speak gloomily of the prospects of their fraternity; just as a Red Indian would complain of the dwindling of his tribe before the strong march of advancing civilization: they speak as though they belong to a failing cause. The savage attacks made on the officers of the law by the robbers of a former generation are scarcely ever heard of now; thieves submit, for the most part, to be led away quietly, when arrested by the police. Alas! how low her flag in humiliation and obedience to the flying standard of improved morals, and is gradually owning itself to be in the wrong. In the course of years, crime in this country will undergo a heavy reduction: I gather the argument for this opinion from the prognostications of the thieves themselves.

But the agencies now in existence can never grapple successfully with the whole case, and must necessarily leave much evil undestroyed. All young thieves will neither go to the ragged schools nor to the reformatories. The meshes of the existing nets are too large, and many of the

worst fish will slip through. In spite of the means in operation for the extinction of crime there will be an evil *residuum*. This *residuum* will continue to thrive, it will train young thieves, attract and beguile adults of moral weakness, and will be the nucleus for the perpetuation of crime and the standing secret organization against common honesty. This is the fertile source, the virus of future thieving; and, like the worm in the naked foot of the negro, the reptile can never be killed until its head is drawn out.

Some will love thieving and stick to it. In prison and out of prison they will never keep their hands from picking and stealing so long as they can bend their fingers and twist their wrists. There are too many such loving artists of the light-fingered profession already. They have had every opportunity and every inducement to reform; they have gone through every species of prison discipline, and all the hardships incident to a thief's career; yet nothing will ever induce them to reform. These men and women have their parallel in other walks of vice. Of how many poachers, gamesters, drunkards and spendthrifts, has it been said, "Nothing but the grave will ever stop them;" and the sequel has confirmed the prediction.

Here, then, are a number of persons who have been in prison scores of times; nothing will mend them. Now, why are they thus? and what is to be done with these dregs of irreclaimable rascality?

Probably, Kleptomania is no imaginary disease. Passing the records of history as suggestive of the doctrine, our own observation of life has led us to serious convictions on the subject of kleptomania. The writer has now one particular instance of it in his mind, in which a young lady, of good sense and most respectable station, could never be trusted in a shop alone. If this disease can happen in the upper classes, why may it not exist in the lower strata of social life? Many other causes contribute to the existence of incorrigible rogues, which need not be here discussed—causes all implied in that one saying of the thief:—"I don't believe it's possible for me to be honest; but I'll try."

We need some additional power to the apparatus already in existence, before we can grapple successfully with incorrigible rogues. This class of thieves has always been the safe depository for the *larvæ* of crime, and while they continue to be gentlemen at large, thieving can never be put down. Nothing human can be an unmixed good, and the police force has done, and must inevitably continue to do, one serious evil: it renders thieves more expert in adroitness and secrecy. So much cleverer are thieves since the police came into existence, that a thief who aforetime might secure 10% per week, would, in these days of progress, be hardly clever enough to earn his bread. Viewed in this light, the police force seems a great training institution to make thieves craftier and cleverer; and how they have profited by the lesson, every diligent reader of the police reports very well knows.

It is this residuum of badness to which the reader's attention is here

called. Let these irreclaimable plunderers, who have been known to the law as thieves for the greater part of their lives—who have, for different offences, been in prison times without number, and who are old in pilfering—be deprived of their personal liberty for the remainder of their lives. The particular provisions, safeguards, and details of arrangement necessary in such a legislative enactment, need not be here examined; but the general philosophy of such a piece of supposed legislation, may be instructively investigated. Why should not such a measure be passed? Properly guarded, it could interfere with the legal rights and liberty of no honest man. The liberty of the individual subject would, by some, be considered in peril. But what liberty? Certainly not constitutional freedom. It would only put an end to the licence which some have to break the law and plunder the public with impunity.

Already the principle of such an interference with the liberty of the subject is implied in some Acts of Parliament. Magistrates are empowered to send children to reformatories, and compel parents to contribute to the support of their children in such cases. The poor-laws will compel parents to support their children; and some of the discretionary powers given to the magistracy go a long way in this direction. Lord Campbell's Act concerning obscene literature, the application of which demolished the infernal traffic of Holywell Street, tightened the reins by which people are held in subjection to the law; and notwithstanding Lord Lyndhurst's speech of learned irrelevancy, the measure in question has proved most salutary. The perpetual incarceration of old and incorrigible thieves can hardly be open to the objection of interference with constitutional freedom.

At any rate, if they were all locked up for life to-morrow, nobody would be very anxious to get them out: no revolution would be caused; no Garibaldi would rush to the rescue of the moral maniacs who had by years of persistent crime proved themselves unfit for liberty; the vessel of the State would not founder because these mutinous members of the crew were sent ashore on some lonely island where they need not starve, and from which they could never escape; but we should all sleep a little sounder when we knew that these mutineers were no longer prowling about. No evils, then, could arise from their perpetual imprisonment—an imprisonment which should be sufficiently severe to act as an intimidation, and so far industrial as to make it partially self-supporting. So far the ground is safe—safe from any great danger, or from any great evil. Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that all old and incorrigible thieves were confined for life—what would be the beneficial results?

In the first place, a great saving would accrue to the State, and to the community at large. Any person who has carefully examined the criminal statistics of the country is aware that the cost of keeping professional and confirmed thieves at large is considerably greater than the cost of keeping them in confinement. One year of their plunder would cover six years of the expense of their incarceration. In the second place, one of the main links in the chain of the continuity of crime would be effectually broken.



There would be few—perhaps, none—left to train young thieves; none left to hand down from generation to generation the unwritten but deadly art and mystery of crime. In the third place, the modern Alsatia would be virtually broken up.

In the present gigantic proportions of crime it is necessary, for obvious reasons, to tolerate a thieves' quarter. But such a place is a great evil: it is the city of refuge and the training college for all who aspire to the art of professional thieving, and for those who, from the elevations of honest life, fall to the low level of crime. The great reduction of crime would render a thieves' quarter no longer necessary: as a consequence of which the hardened thief would be an unfriended and unsheltered wanderer; the young thief would be an untrained bungler; and the lapsed operative would be obliged either to go back to honest industry, or march to a gaol.

Thus, the incarceration of irreclaimable thieves for the term of their natural lives, would be severe justice to the few, but a merciful justice to the many. Where they should be placed, and how employed, are after questions, not necessary to the general argument.

Startling as the idea of perpetual imprisonment may be, some of the thieves have told me that nothing short of this will be an effectual check, "and we expect as that's what it'll come to." The day will probably arrive when public opinion, wearied out by perpetual crime—wary of unavailing endeavours to counteract the evils flowing from incorrigible rogues—will ascend to the majesty and righteous wrath of justice, and, laying hold of these hoary and unalterable villains, will cast them into the innermost prison: saying, "As you are the main cause of the costliness, ravages, and misery of crime, we will no longer tolerate your evil deeds; we have tried all means to mend you, and you have been proof against all; we have given you abundant opportunities to reform, and you have refused every one of them. You shall no longer prey upon the honest and industrious; you shall no longer train the youth of our beloved country to crime and ruin; you shall no longer harass the community, defy the laws, and shelter dishonesty. Villains, hopeless and unredeemable, you have sold your birth-right of freedom. Henceforth, you are *prisoners for life!*"

I visited regularly a returned convict who was in the last stage of a consumption; and a short sketch of this circumstance may form a fitting sequel to the present article. He was a young man of good figure, in the prime of life, and having nothing of the ruffian in his appearance. His constitution had been injured by his own vicious conduct, but chiefly by some unreasonable and cruel hardships of prison discipline, which I need not detail here. I was received at all times with the utmost courtesy and gratitude; and although I necessarily saw a great deal of the thieves, I never heard an oath in my presence, and never had an unkind or disrespectful word from one of them—man or woman, old or young, drunk or sober. No one can conceive how well the worst can behave, when they are treated fairly, kindly, and respectfully. Such was the sense of honour



upon which they felt themselves put in my case, that I firmly believe that if any thief had offered me the slightest disrespect, he would instantly have been kicked out of the house by some of his companions.

It was in the course of these visits that I first became acquainted with the practical value of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies. The London society, ably and generously presided over by a British nobleman, and the Birmingham society, which owes much to the prisoners' friend, Rev. J. T. Burt, have helped many a thief to settle himself in honest life. Such societies are every way worthy the support of a generous public, and the establishment of such societies in every principal town would offer a fair chance to the thieves, and be a public benefit.

The consumptive thief whom I visited drew near his end, and knew that he should die. What crimes he had been guilty of, and what were his dying experiences, shall not be paraded here; let it suffice that he firmly believed his Bible, and did his best for many weeks to prepare for his end, and went at last into the presence of Him who had compassion on a dying thief. One night I was sitting in my study, balancing in my own mind whether to go to bed or read on till morning. It was about a quarter to twelve, and I was suddenly startled from my hesitancy by a loud and nervous ringing of the door-bell. I was told that the consumptive thief was dead, and asked would I go down to the house, as they wished to see me? As we walked together I learned that the female who had very kindly attended to him had gone upstairs to see if he wanted anything, and found him on the floor in a pool of blood; he had got out of bed, and ruptured a blood-vessel by violent coughing when upon his knees. As I entered the thieves' quarter, the streets were up; but I felt no fear even at that untimely hour. The only thing that could have happened would have been, some newly-arrived thief who did not know me, might have relieved me of my watch; but I should have had it returned me when the thing became known, and going without a watch for a day or two was no calamity. The reader will question if I should have got my watch again. But there are so few people who dare visit thieves, so few who will, and so few whom the thieves will accept, that when they do find one who will visit their sick and be kind to them in their distress, they would suffer anything sooner than he should come to harm amongst them.

But we are going along a street to a dead man's house; it is midnight, and the thieves are all on the footpath. What do I hear as I pass them? "There's our friend!" "There's the minister!" "God bless him!" "There's our parson!—isn't he kind to turn out amongst us at midnight?" These, and other ejaculations, came floating to my ears through the chill midnight air as I passed the groups of excited and wretched thieves. And I knew that good deeds had also taken place in this very street. A friend of mine, whose deeds of kindness amongst thieves and ragged children are above all praise, was once passing along this very street. He stopped to chat with two thieves whom he knew; a young

man, a stranger, brushed past him. When my friend got home he found his gloves had been stolen, and guessed at once that they had been taken in this particular street. He had been kind to the thieves, and was surprised that they should serve him so. Passing down the same street a short time afterwards, a young man came to him, and asked him if his name was not ——? My friend replied, "Yes." The young man then said, "I beg your pardon for stealing your gloves; I did not know who you were, or I would not have done it. Here are your gloves: forgive me." At length we arrived at the dead man's house, and I went upstairs. What a sight! The blood-stained floor, the ghastly countenance of the corpse strained into contortion by the violent retching and pain! I sat down upon the bedside, by which I had often knelt in prayer. Many thieves with lighted candles in their hands, were gathered round me. I spoke to them a few suitable and earnest words, amidst which two policemen entered, to inquire if any violence had been used towards the deceased. We soon satisfied them on that point, and they went away; and I also returned home to a sleepless bed, or dreams of horror.

Then came the funeral; never shall I forget it. It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon in the summer-time, and the funeral was respectable in its appearance: one or two of the young men in attendance were as fine-looking young fellows as ever stood on English ground. My heart ached at that funeral even more than it did when, an orphan boy, I stood looking, years before, into my father's open grave. Poor old Jeremiah Meek, the sexton (he was not in the secret), was bewildered by the strangeness of my address to the mourners. Remarks about honouring the law which made the dead man's coffin his own, and preserved him from molestation alike in his own house and his own grave, sounded unusual in a funeral address. But time has rolled on since then; simple-hearted Jeremiah has recovered the disturbance I gave his Irish banshee, and I have got over the nervous shock I received from the physical horrors of that midnight hour.

I often think, sometimes with a sigh, of the hours I used to spend amongst the thieves. The motley groups come back upon my fancy: not brutal faces, for that is a mistake: all thieves have not the ruffian stamped upon their features. I see fair young girls going to ruin, and young men of considerable mental power treading the road to untimely death. Many of the thieves who know me will read this article; and they know that I never injured them by publishing names; that if I never spared their vices, I never neglected them in sickness, and never refused to help them in distress.

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## Luxury.

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Our generation has witnessed the destruction of almost innumerable commonplaces. The sentiments which were familiar to our fathers about the constitution of the country, the excellence of its laws, and the value of the rights which it conferred, serve at present no more honourable purpose than that of pointing the small shafts which smart popular writers delight to aim at what they suppose to be dominant errors. This is in some ways a subject for congratulation. It is, no doubt, a bad thing that people should be exposed to the temptation of repeating more or less pompous observations to which they attach very little meaning; but it is also a subject of regret, for originality must always be the characteristic of a minority, almost infinitesimally small, and it is important that that large part of mankind, which must be content to repeat the thoughts of others without thinking themselves, should be furnished with substitutes for thought which are neither undignified nor ungraceful, and which may here and there suggest the great truths which lie beyond the range of ordinary experience.

Whatever view be taken of the fact that many commonplaces are exploded, it is certain that their reconstruction must always be a work of time. Commonplaces, like proverbs, represent, according to the well-known saying, the wisdom of many, and the wit, or perhaps the eloquence, of one; and before they can be summed up in a single phrase, the elements from which they are collected must have become part of the furniture of ordinary minds. However remote may be the prospect of contributing to such a result, it must always be curious to inquire into the foundation of sayings which once exercised a real and not an injurious influence on the thoughts of mankind.

Few commonplaces were more popular, up to a very late period, or have more entirely gone out of fashion, than those which denounced luxury. The well-known lines of Juvenal may be taken as a palmary illustration of their character:

"Nunc patimur longa pacis mala : sævior urbi  
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.

\* \* \* \* \*

Prima peregrinos obscena pecunia mores  
Intulit, et turpi frugerunt sæcula luxu  
Divitiæ moles."

Various applications of this sentiment held their place as part of the accumulated wisdom of mankind, till the latter part of the last century, but at present they are altogether out of date, and are usually supposed to have absolutely no application whatever to our own state of society.

Several broad and important reasons may be assigned for this change—particularly in so far as it affects our own country. In the first place, the greater part of the national energy has since the peace been directed to the accumulation of wealth or of the means of providing it, whilst this process has been further dignified by the application to it of a vast number of scientific inventions. Moreover, the philanthropic side of religion has been invested of late years with a prominence which it never had before. The theory, or rather the sentiment that it is the special function of Christianity to remove or to mitigate the physical sufferings of mankind, to do away with slavery, to cure disease, and to relieve and instruct misfortune and poverty, has attained within the last century a prominence which is surprising to those who look at the history of Christianity as a whole, and who remember for how many centuries it occupied a very different position in the world. Lastly, the only branch of inquiry, except, perhaps, statistics, which, being conversant with human action, has attained anything approaching to the precision of a science, is political economy; and this study is exclusively occupied with the production, and in a smaller degree, with the distribution of wealth. It has thus come to pass that the love of money, which an Apostle declared to be the root of all evil, by which men pierce themselves through with many sorrows, has come in these days to be looked upon as combining in its favour the suffrages of experience, religion, and philosophy. The history of human speculation presents few more singular changes of sentiment.

It would be impossible within reasonable limits to examine this curious subject with any approach to fulness, but it may be practicable to make a few observations upon it which may tend to suggest that the modern view of the subject is, at any rate, less entirely right than it is usually assumed to be.

Luxury, like all words which are used for the purposes of praise or blame, is extremely vague. It sometimes means everything which is not absolutely necessary to the maintenance of life. It sometimes means everything which confers, in an unusual degree, any of the pleasures which Bentham would have described as self-regarding. If it is confined to the first sense it ceases altogether to imply praise or blame. If it is confined to the second, it would be very unjust to apply it to the age in which we live. Our generation is not by any means remarkable for wasteful prodigality or debauchery. Amongst the wealthier part of society there was probably never a larger amount of general sobriety and propriety of life. There is of course a small number of extraordinarily rich people, who live in great splendour, but they do not waste their money by gambling, by debauchery, by riotous living. Those who do are a small and a confessedly disreputable minority. Those who, without being wealthy, are still in easy circumstances, are even less luxurious in this sense of the word. There was never, probably, in any age or country, a larger mass of comfortable, respectable people, than is now to be found in these islands. It could hardly, however, appear inappropriate to apply

the epithet "luxurious" to our age. Probably no nation was ever so rich, and it would be hard to mention one in which riches have had more power to confer everything which human nature desires, or in which that power has been more thoroughly recognized, or more devoutly worshiped. In what sense, then, would the word be appropriate? It will be found, upon examination, to imply, in so far as it implies reproach, that having a reasonable and solid standard of comfort, we attach too much importance to attaining it.

Those who wish to know what luxury means, in relation to an Englishman in easy circumstances, may obtain much light on the subject by spending a few hours (and they might easily spend very many) in walking through the miles upon miles of the streets of London in which such Englishmen live. In Bayswater and Paddington, in Bloomsbury, in Pimlico, in Brompton, in Camberwell, and in other districts too numerous to mention, there are thousands of houses which no one would live in who had not a family, and which no one who has a family can live in unless he is prepared to spend from 500*l.* to 1,500*l.* a year. London, however, is but one illustration of this. Others are to be found in or near every large town in England. Edgebaston, Clifton, and Birkenhead swarm with such houses, whilst Brighton, Cheltenham, Leamington, Bath, Scarborough, and Tunbridge Wells, and other places of the same kind, are almost entirely built for the convenience of those who live in them. What does luxury mean, in relation to such people as these? It certainly does not mean that they are debauched or riotous, and though the contrary is often asserted, it does not mean, or rather it would be unjust to use it as meaning, that they are extravagant, buying things that they do not want, or paying for them more than they are worth. It is one of the petty nuisances of the day to be bored by suggestions, which imply that it is possible, by minute economy, to live like a gentleman upon a fabulously small income. It would, generally speaking, take less time and trouble to earn a large one. There may, no doubt, be a few people who have a special aptitude for making a little money go a long way, and under whose hands a shilling can be screwed into fourteenpence, but they are the exceptions, and generally speaking, one moderately sensible person, who has to live at any given rate, will get about as much for his shilling as other moderately sensible people who live at the same rate. If they try to get more they will find that they pay for it in other ways. The physician will have to pay less attention to his patients, the lawyer to his briefs, the merchant to his business. Even a clerk in a Government office, or a clergyman with a small living, might probably make more in an evening by writing magazine articles than he would save by spending the same time in plotting with his wife about contrivances for washing at home, or going to market instead of dealing with the shops. Shops only exist because it is more convenient to the consumer to deal with a middle-man than to deal with the producer. He must either pay for the convenience in his bills, or expend an equivalent in time, temper,



and shoe-leather. The experience of mankind seems to prove that the first course is almost always the best.

The objects upon which the income of the inhabitants of such houses are expended are principally three—a large family, health, and refinement. That the human race is to be suffered to increase and multiply indefinitely, and without any reference to general or individual convenience, is the postulate which is assumed by all classes, not of European, but of English society, and though some of our most distinguished writers have dissented from it, the fact of its all but universal prevalence cannot be disputed. It is fair to add, that in the existing state of education and morals, interference with it even by general discussion of the subject, would hardly be desirable, as it would involve dangers even more serious than those which are involved in its prevalence and application. Health is beginning to be looked upon as almost equally necessary; and although its advantages are obvious enough, its extreme costliness is not so generally remembered. Health, especially in the case of young children, means a roomy house, good drainage, plenty of food, careful nursing, proper medical attendance, and occasional change of air. This works in two ways. Not only do individual children cost a great deal, but they live longer than they used to. In former times children were not provided with the means of health so liberally as they are now. The consequence was that more of them died in infancy than at present, and that those who lived cost less. Refinement is another enormous source of expense. Many obvious influences have greatly cultivated the tastes of the present generation. The enormous popularity of novels, in particular, can hardly have failed to give an increasingly sentimental turn to the intercourse between the sexes. A larger proportion of men than was formerly the case look for friends and companions in their wives. They wish them to be able to understand and care for their pursuits, and to sympathize in their feelings. Every improvement in education will infallibly extend the area of such feelings, which, moreover, apply to the children as well as to the wife. A refined and educated father will, in proportion to the force of his parental feelings, be intolerant of the notion that his sons and daughters are to grow up to different pursuits and a different standard of taste and feeling from his own; but if his wife is to be his friend and companion she cannot be his servant. If she is to read the same sort of books, to follow the same trains of thought, to sympathize with and to advise upon his intellectual or professional avocations, she must be something more than a mere housekeeper, a mere nurse, or even a mere governess. If his children are ultimately to grow up into gentlemen and ladies, they must be educated as such—they must continue, that is, to be dependent upon him, in the case of the boys, till the age of twenty-one or twenty-two at least; in the case of the daughters, till marriage; and during this long period they must be supplied with an education which is immensely expensive; and of which the expense can hardly be diminished if it continues as at present to be given by men and women who have themselves had as good an education



as money can buy. The teacher of a national school in these days is apprenticed for five years, and passes two more in a normal college before he is supposed to be qualified to teach the children of labourers and mechanics to read, write, and cypher. It cannot but be expected under these circumstances that schools for the mastership of which the ablest men at the universities eagerly compete, should be extremely dear.

It may be objected to this that whatever may be the expensiveness of marriage and health, refinement costs nothing; and an appeal may be made to the pictures which the correspondents of newspapers and the authors of novels have often drawn of virtuous mechanics who refresh themselves after a hard day's work by reading metaphysics; of the wives of poor curates who can not only look after a large family of young children, but contribute the largest element to their husbands' theological views, and take the principal part of his management of the parish off his hands; and of affectionate daughters who diffuse refinement over families to whom they spare the expense of housemaids. Such descriptions are either totally false, or applicable only to the rarest exceptions. An all but universal experience conclusively proves that the mind is subdued to what it works in. A man who passes his life in a succession of petty but absorbing occupations, almost infallibly dwarfs and narrows his understanding; and the consequence is even more certain with a woman. Hardly any woman who passes her whole life in domestic drudgery will be more than a domestic drudge. If a man of intellectual tastes and pursuits wishes his wife to care for and share in them, he must in almost every case be prepared to pay the price in the shape of servants' wages. To be either a housekeeper, a cook, a nurse, a governess, or a wife, is a profession in itself; exceptions apart, no one person can combine all the characters in herself.

It follows from this, that the combination of an unlimited family, with ample means of health and refinement for all its members, is an extremely expensive matter, and that the enormous expenditure of the easy classes of English society is explained by the supposition that this is the standard of comfort which they adopt, and which they are determined on attaining at the price of almost any effort. It may be said, if this is what is meant by luxury, why should not people be luxurious? What higher object can men propose to themselves than the attainment of such results? Might not a man consider his life well spent, if by honest means he had educated in health and strength a large family of children to be refined and intelligent men and women, enjoying, in the meantime, the society of a companion worthy of his love?

Much more lies in the answer to these questions than is generally supposed. To some, nothing less appears to lie in them than the whole future destiny of this great nation, and no answer appears to be appropriate but the most emphatic denial that language can supply. It is undoubtedly true that it would be well for many men if they could give so good an account of the talents in their charge, and it would probably be

well for still more if they had never had any talents, or any place at all in this mysterious world; but it would be an unspeakable misfortune if the procuring of domestic comfort came to be recognized as the ideal of human life. It is impossible to say why men were made, but assuming that they were made for some purpose, of which the faculties which they possess afford evidence, it follows that they were intended to do many other things besides providing for their families and enjoying their society. They were meant to know, to act, and to feel—to know everything which the mind is able to contemplate, to name, and to classify; to do everything which the will, prompted by the passions and guided by the conscience, can undertake; and, subject to the same guidance, to feel in its utmost vigour every emotion which the contemplation of the various persons and objects which surround us can excite. This view of the objects of life affords an almost infinite scope for human activity in different directions; but it also shows that it is in the highest degree dangerous to its beauty and its worth to allow any one side of life to become the object of idolatry; and there are many reasons for thinking that domestic happiness is rapidly assuming that position in the minds of the more comfortable classes of Englishmen. The virtues and the weaknesses of our national character combine to produce this effect. We are affectionate and sober-minded. We love what is substantial; we love what is practicable; we love what is definite; and we love what is thorough; but, on the other hand, we are apt, especially in these days, to be timid in thought, we have a strong dash of vulgarity, and we have a certain tendency to pettiness. Domestic happiness is nearly the only good thing which is not inconsistent with our faults, whilst it deeply gratifies most of our virtues. Many other causes might be assigned for the sort of idolatry with which we regard our ideal. The failure of what claimed to be virtues of a larger type at the French Revolution; the miseries and scandals with which domestic vice filled the history of the last century; the immense development of physical science which of necessity produces its results by small steps, and the general neglect of moral speculations and the broader theories which they involve, are amongst the number; but the causes of this state of things are less important than its effects. They may be traced in almost every department of life, and might be specified to almost any extent.

Perhaps the broadest of all these effects is to be found in the distribution of men in the various walks of life. It will be found that nearly all our ablest men adopt pursuits which are almost exclusively practical. Any one who knows the Universities, will say that hardly any young man now takes orders whose talents are in the least degree above the average. Of those who adopt literature as a profession, how many are there who rise much above the level of small jokers and sentimental novelists? Many considerable books have been written by Englishmen in this generation, but they have mostly been written by rich men. If M. Guizot had been an Englishman, he would have been, no doubt, a great man; but it is very unlikely that he would have been a great writer. It is not a fair

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illustration of the same point, but it is a significant fact, that in the legal profession hardly any man of real ability understands by law anything else than briefs. One of the most learned and high-minded men that ever honoured it—the late Mr. John Austin—was a memorable, but he was almost a solitary, exception. There are, indeed, law reformers in the present day in abundance; but no one ever takes up that branch of the profession who could hope to attract attention in any other.

It is a singular and an affecting thing, to see how every manifestation of human energy bears witness to the shrewdness of the current maxim, that a large income is a necessary of life. Whatever is done for money is done admirably well. No nation in the world ever turned out such workmanship as ours, material or intellectual. The shops and the newspapers contain excellent specimens of each. Give a man a specific thing to make or to write, and pay him well for it, and you may with a little trouble secure an excellent article; but the ability which does these things so well, might have been and ought to have been trained to far higher things, which for the most part are left undone, because the clever workman thinks himself bound to earn what will keep himself, his wife, and his six or seven children, up to the established standard of comfort. What was at first a necessity, perhaps an unwelcome one, becomes by degrees a habit and a pleasure, and men who might have done memorable and noble things, if they had learnt in time to consider the doing of such things a subject worth living for, lose the power and the wish to live for other than fireside purposes. Indeed, those purposes are so complete as far as they go, they are so very pleasant, and so thoroughly irreproachable that it seems the simplest and most sensible thing in the world to give up for them that which it is easy to describe as nonsense and romance.

Such a course is no doubt easy, and in some points of view sensible; but it was not the course which gave us what we call our civilization, and it will be a cruel irony, indeed, if the labours of so many generations of saints and heroes have at last no better result than that of introducing their descendants to an ignominious lubberland, over which they make their little pilgrimage, with no thought of anything beyond the richness of its crops. A paradise of comfort would be a hell, ignorant of its own misery.

It thus appears that the nature of luxury in the present day is an exaggerated appetite for solid advantages, and that the evil which it threatens to produce is the establishment of a narrow conception of the objects of life by which the exercise of the higher faculties of the mind will be first discouraged and ultimately prevented. The difficulty of proving the disease to be one, increases its danger. The worship of domestic comfort is preached up so prettily and in so many attractive shapes, and the thing itself is in its proper place, so good, that the injury done by overrating it is not apparent; indeed, its direct bad effects are manifested principally in a minority, which ought to be silent and thoughtful. Average men are not worse, or more petty than usual, perhaps they are rather better than they have sometimes been, certainly

they are more comfortable; but it is not the average men of a generation who do the most towards the general elevation and expansion of human nature. This is the task of the minority, and if the average tone of feeling and thought is such, that the majority seduce or degrade them, the greatest of all calamities is inflicted on mankind. Our only living poet prophesied, with unnecessary enthusiasm, the advent of a period when the common sense of most should hold a fretful realm in awe, and the expression certainly has the merit of expressing pretty exactly what the "common sense of most" is capable of doing. It can restrict and coerce and prevent disturbances, but it can give neither light nor life. It can lay the earth to "slumber, lapt in universal law," like the Roman empire, but it could not make another Europe. That can only be done by great men, great acts, and great thoughts, and how are these to be had? Like all other things they must be bought, though neither money nor comfort can buy them. Their price is a breadth and freedom of mind, hardly compatible with constant immersion in that struggle for a large income, which for the reasons just mentioned absorbs the energies of our ablest men. A man who is to do great things must be conversant with great thoughts, and must reflect on the great interests of life in a worthy manner; but for this, he must have a degree of leisure and independence, which is very often inconsistent with the attainment of the various elements of the modern ideal of comfort.

This, however, is not all. Every man is so profoundly affected by the temper of the society in which he lives, that to be in any degree considerable he must have sufficient sympathy with the general temper of his generation, to be able, without affectation, to wear its dress, and to speak its language. There are few sadder spectacles than men who are forced to be eccentric, that their superiority may be recognized, and who sink into the privileged buffoons of a society of which they should be instructors, and which tolerates their occasional wisdom for the sake of their uniform grotesqueness. The constant and quiet recognition of the relative magnitude of different pursuits, and the humility which yields to moral and intellectual superiority on its own ground, not as a matter of patronage, nor as an effort of virtue, but as a matter of course, are the greatest aids which commonplace men can give to their superiors, and the greatest discouragement which they can throw in the way of flatterers and charlatans.

It is by reason of its deficiency in these respects that the atmosphere in which the comfortable classes of modern English society live, is most unfavourable to intellectual and moral stature, and that changes in it are the indispensable condition of growth. Its most unwholesome ingredient is the intense self-satisfaction by which it is pervaded. All the voices which have any real influence with an Englishman in easy circumstances, combine to stimulate a low form of energy, which stifles every high one. The newspapers extol his wisdom by assuming that the average intelligence which he represents is, under the name of public opinion,

the ultimate and irresponsible ruler of the nation; the novels which he and his family devour with insatiable greediness have no tendency to rouse his imagination, to say nothing of his mind. They are pictures of the everyday life to which he has always been accustomed—sarcastic, sentimental, or ludicrous, as the case may be—but never rising to anything which could ever suggest the existence of tragic dignity or ideal beauty. The human mind has made considerable advances in the last three-and-twenty centuries; but the thousands of Greeks who could enjoy not only Euripides, but Homer and *Æschylus*, were superior, in some important points, to the millions of Englishmen who in their inmost hearts prefer *Pickwick* to *Shakspeare*. Even the religion of the present day is made to suit the level of commonplace Englishmen. There was a time when Christianity meant the embodiment of all truth and holiness in the midst of a world lying in wickedness. It afterwards included law, liberty, and knowledge, as opposed to the energetic ignorance of the northern barbarians. It now too often means philanthropic societies—excellent things as far as they go, but rather small. Any doctrine now is given up if it either seems uncomfortable or likely to make a disturbance. It is almost universally assumed that the truth of an opinion is tested by its consistency with cheerful views of life and nature. Unpleasant doctrines are only preached under incredible forms, and thus serve to spice the enjoyments which they would otherwise destroy.

The question how these things may be remedied is as difficult as it is momentous. Grown-up men and women can hardly expect by taking thought to add cubits to their stature; but anything is better than to be contented dwarfs. The remedies to be complete must be co-ordinate with the disease; and the first and easiest, but the most indispensable of them all, is to recognize their necessity. One of the most important truths which can be impressed on mankind is, that they and their comforts fill a very small space in the universe: that virtue and wisdom, that knowledge, science and art, were meant for much more than to provide them with cheerful families and happy homes; and that the order and peace which they enjoy will be curses, instead of blessings, if they become idols, if they blind them to the vastness and the wonderful mystery of the universe in which they live; and if they withdraw their eyes from looking upon themselves as sinful and purblind dust and ashes. These sentiments, unhappily, find little favour with most of those who command the public attention. Such men generally flatter the complacency which they ought to destroy, and teach others to regard learning, science, and wit as the playthings by which idle hours may be made idler, and by which the sense of dulness designed by nature as a friendly warning against the abuse of comfort may be prevented from inflicting its wholesome chastisements.

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## William Hogarth :

PAINTER, ENGRAVER, AND PHILOSOPHER.

*Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time.*

### VIII.—THE SHADOW OF THE FORTY-FIVE.

IN the days of which I am writing, the English nation were much given to the eating of beef. There is a philosophy of meat, as well as of every other kind of matter; and they who philosophize in a right spirit shall not fail to trace many symptoms of the influence of a beef diet upon William Hogarth. This was a man who despised soups, and set at nought the kickshaws of Lebeck and Pontack, of Reebell and Macklin's ordinaries. It was so ordered that Hogarth should not rise above the level of the English middle class, then hearty admirers of beef and other fleshmeats, —they had not degenerated into a liking for warmed-up stews served in electrotyped side dishes—and although when he became famous he was often bidden to great feasts, such as lord mayors' dinners, benchers' tables at Lincoln's Inn, Oxford commemoration banquets, and loyal Train Band gatherings at the King's Arms, the ordering of those repasts was always intimately connected with ribs of beef, sirloins and briskets, shoulders of veal, venison pasties, and pies made from the humbles of a deer. These entertainments, too, were of a public nature; and though some noble patrons of Hogarth,—some Boyne, or Ancaster, or Castlemaine, or Arthur Onslow, may, from time to time, have asked him to dinner in Piccadilly or Soho, it is not likely that he enjoyed himself to any great extent at those symposia of the aristocratic meagre and the refined frivolous.\* Horace Walpole records that he once sat next to Hogarth at dinner, and that he was either sulky

\* Dining out, even at the tables of the great, was not a very refined proceeding in Hogarth's time. When Dr. King dined with the Duke of Ormonde, Lords Marr, Jersey, Lansdown, Bishop Atterbury, and other magnificoes, the company were not deterred by the presence of a prelate of the Church of England from entering into a "jocular discourse concerning short prayers." At another dinner-table, that of Cardinal Polignac at Rome, his eminence, observing that Dr. King drank only water, told him that he had entertained five hundred of his countrymen during his embassy to the Pontifical court, and that he, the doctor, was the only water-drinking Englishmen he had yet met with. When Pope dined with Lord Burlington, he could not relish his dinner until his host had ordered a large glass of cherry brandy to be set before him, by way of a dram. Moreover, when you had the honour to be invited to my lord's table, you had, to a certain extent, to pay for your dinner, for the impudent and extortionate lacqueys in the hall expected large donations, or "vails." There is a good story of one Lord Poor—query, De la Poer?—a Roman Catholic peer of Ireland, who excused himself from dining oftener with the Duke of Ormonde on the ground that "he could not afford it;" but added that if his grace would be kind enough to put a guinea in his hand at the conclusion of the banquet he should be happy to come. This was done, and Lord Poor was afterwards a frequent visitor at the duke's house in St. James's



or embarrassed, and would or could say nothing. The latter I take to have been the case, for the painter was the very opposite to a churl or a hypochondriac, and by universal testimony was a sprightly, jovial, chirruping little man. The gravest accusation brought against him by those who were obliged to hate because they envied him, was that he was parsimonious. The only evidence that can be adduced in support of this charge is, on the one hand, that he had a habit of paying ready money and never getting into debt, and that, on the other, he *would* have his due from the print-sellers and the people who bought plates and pictures from him. For the remainder, any imputation of avarice must fall utterly to the ground when we remember his charities; and he left so little, that five years after his death, his widow was poor.

To return to the roasting-spit, and to my hero in his relation with butcher's meat. Throughout his works you will find a careful attention to, and laudable admiration of good, sound, hearty eating and drinking—tempered, however, by a poignant censure of gormandizing and immoderate libations. What mounds of beef, hecatombs of poultry, pyramids of pies and tartlets are consumed at the mayor's feast in *Industry and Idleness*! What a tremendous gorge is that in the first scene of the *Election*! Look at the leg of mutton so triumphantly brandished in *Beer Street*. Admire the vastness of that roast beef of Old England in the *Gates of Calais*. Consider the huge pie which the pretty girl is bringing home from the bakehouse in *Noon* of the *Four Parts of the Day*. Observe the jovial fare of the soldiers who carouse at the table in the print of *England*, while the sergeant is measuring the bumpkin against his halbert, and the Giotto-like grenadier is scrawling a caricature on the wall of the French king. Hogarth was a man who, so soon as he could dine at all, dined every day and dined well. He did not eschew punch; he had no grudge against the generous wines of Portugal; but his faith was in the mighty, potent and nourishing fermentation of malt and hops—in the “jolly good ale and old,” that Bishop Hill sang so jolly a song about, in the Black Burgundy of Humphrey Parsons, and the Titanesque Entire of Harwood:—in beer. This liquid, which is, by the way, much esteemed by foreigners visiting England, and which I find mentioned in the Italian libretto to the opera of *Marta* as a potation—

“Che il Britanno rende altier—”

“Which makes the Briton haughty (!)”

was evidently a decided favourite with William. All his good and honest

Square. But Lord Taaffe, likewise in the peerage of Ireland, and who had been a general officer in the Austrian service, more resolutely set his face against “vails,” always attending his guests to the door himself, and when they made offer to put money into the servants’ hands, preventing them, saying: “If you do give, give it to me, for it was I who did buy the dinner.” Be it mentioned, likewise, to the honour of William Hogarth, that he would not allow his domestics to take any fee or reward from visitors who came to sit for their portraits.

people drink beer, and plentifully, from the hugest of tankards and cans. His rascals and his rogues quaff French wines and strong waters. His vicious characters fare thinly and badly. The miserly alderman in the *Marriage à la Mode* is about to breakfast on an egg stuck in a monticule of rice. There is certainly a pig's cheek, cold, on the table, but like the empty silver tankard it is merely there for show; has been up to the table half a dozen times, and gone down, untouched, and so would depart again, but for the wary dog which, half-starved at most times, takes advantage of the commotion created by death, to distend his ribs with pork, to him unwonted.

In his simple, straightforward way of thinking, it was evidently my painter's creed that virtuous people have hearty appetites and a good digestion. The French hold otherwise. "A good stomach and a bad heart," is their favourite gastronomic paradox. But Hogarth makes his dissipated countess take nothing for breakfast but tea and a starveling slice of bread and butter; and *Kate*, with her Hebrew admirer, can indulge in nothing more substantial than well-frothed chocolate in eggshell porcelain. Very different are these unsatisfactory refreshments to the solid meat breakfasts and ponderous dinners consumed by the pilgrims who started one morning from the Bedford Head, and took the tilt-boat for Gravesend, *en route* for Sheerness. I can imagine the horror which the sturdy little beafeater of Leicester Fields must have entertained for such a pinch-stomach as John Lord Hervey, who "never eat beef, nor horse, nor any of those things,"\* who breakfasted on an emetic, dined on a biscuit, and regaled himself once a week with an apple.

The hard work, of which I sketched the history in the preceding section, was continued by William Hogarth, and without intermission, throughout the reign of George II. His popularity had not only become general, but it was safe. He could have many imitators, but no rivals. The airy patronage accorded to him by the aristocracy pleased them more than it did him. He had little to gain from commerce with the great. His great stay and holdfast were in the steady patronage and encouragement of the affluent middle classes. Vicious noblemen may have dreaded his satire; and Hogarth was certainly not averse from administering a stinging stripe to the Charterises, the Whartons, or the Baltimores, whom he saw passing and misconducting themselves; but to render the satirist justice, it seemed to him perfectly a matter of indifference whether his satire were directed against barons or against beggars. He curried favour neither in the ante-chamber of Chesterfield, nor in the cellar of Mother Midnight. If an oligarchy haughty, ignorant, and dissolute, are treated with merited severity in the *Marriage à la Mode*, the ruffianly vices of the soldiery, the coarse and hardened cruelty of the lowest mob, the smug sanctimoniousness of precisians, the coarse self-indulgence of the citizens, are treated

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\* An impertinence, since, and erroneously attributed to Brummell. I dare say both beaux ate beefsteaks in private.

with equal and impartial severity. Hogarth quite as much disdained to glorify the virtues of a mechanic, because he had ten children and only one shirt, as to denounce a lord, because he possessed ten thousand acres and a blue ribbon. At least he was free from the most irrational and degrading vice of modern satire: the alternate blackening and whitening of persons occupying different grades in society, for the simple reason that they were born to occupy those grades. Is it a chimney-sweeper's fault that he is sooty, and hasn't a pocket-handkerchief, and lives in Hampshire Hog Lane, and cannot aspirate his *h's*? Is it a gentleman's fault that he has parts and accomplishments, and a historic name and forty thousand a year? Did we make ourselves, or choose for ourselves? Are we any the better or the worse in our degree, or is there any need that we should fling stones at one another, because you, O my Aristarchus, were educated at the University of Oxford, and I at the University of France, or at Leyden, or Göttingen, or at the One Tun Ragged School? Hogarth meted out justice to all classes alike; and the depraved earl or the tipsy parson could not very well complain of seeing himself gibbeted when the next victim might be Taylor the eye-doctor, or Philip-in-the-Tub. But the anchor which held Hogarth fastest to the public favour was the sincere and deliberate belief—prevalent among the serious and the substantial orders—that his works were in the highest degree moral, and that they conduced to the inculcation of piety and virtue. Pope has stigmatized vice in deathless couplets. We shudder and turn away sickened from Sporus and his gilded wings, from Curio and Atossa, from grubby Lady Mary and greedy Sir Balaam. We can scarcely help despising even while we pity the ragged fry of hacks who grovel in Grub Street or flounder in the Blackfriars' mud of the *Dunciad*; but it is impossible for the most superficial student of those wonderful exertions to overcome the impression that all Pope's satire subserves some mean and paltry purpose; that he hated the rascals he flagellated, and wished to be revenged on them; and, on the other side, one can as little trust the high-flown panegyric which he bestows on the problematically perfect Man of Ross,\* as the adulation with which he bestains Bolingbroke, a genius and a wit certainly, but whom all men know,—and whom the moral Pope must have known—to have been as politically false as Fouché, and as debauched as Mirabeau, and as unbelieving as Arouet. The acute and accomplished admired Pope; the dull and the foolish wondered at and dreaded him; but all the world understood and believed in Hogarth. I have said, that his surest anchorage was in the middle class, and that they had faith in him as a moral teacher. All you who have seen his collected works know how coarse are many of the representations and the allusions in his tableaux. Were that elephant folio dream of mine to become a reality, it would be impossible, in this nineteenth century, to

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\* One of whose merits in Pope's eyes may have been that he spelt his name "Kyrle," and not "Curl," as the hated Edmund was wont to do.

publish exact reproductions of all Hogarth's engravings. Modern taste would revolt at, and spurn them. So are there things in *Pamela*, in *Clarissa Harlowe*, in Defoe's *Religious Courtship*, in Brooke's *Fool of Quality*, in the chaste essays of Addison and Steele even, which it would be expedient, in our state of society, not to reprint. Official persons were obliged, the other day, to expurgate the Royal Proclamation against Vice and Immorality, for the reason that there were words in it not fit for genteel ears. A hundred years ago such scruples did not exist. A spade was called a spade; and the plain-spokenness of such a moralist as Hogarth was welcomed and applauded by clergymen, by schoolmasters, by pure matrons, by sober tradesmen, and decorous fathers of families. The series of *Industry and Idleness* was subscribed for by pious citizens, and the prints hung up in counting-rooms and workshops as an encouragement to the virtuous and a warning to the wicked, and scriptural texts were carefully selected by clerical friends to accompany the pictures of orgies at the Blood-Bowl House and carnivals at Tyburn. The entreaties that were made to him to publish appendices to the *Marriage à la Mode*, in the shape of a *Happy Marriage*, are on a parallel with the solicitations of the pious lady to Richardson, that he would cause Lovelace to be converted through the intermediary of a Doctor Christian. Both Hogarth and Richardson knew the world too well to adventure upon such tasks. They saw the evil man setting out on his course, and knew that he would accomplish it to his destruction.

Hogarth, however, might have incurred peril of lapsing into the drearily didactic had he been for ever tracing out the fatal progress of Rakes to Bedlam, and Kate Hackabouts to Bridewell, of frivolous earls and countesses to duels and elopements, or of naughty boys who play at pitch-and-toss on Sundays, or tease animals, to the Tyburn gallows, or the dissecting room in Surgeon's Hall. William's hard work was diversified by a goodly stock of miscellaneous taskwork. The purely comic would sometimes assert itself, and his object would then be to make you laugh and nothing more.

Thus, it is not apparent that he had any very grim design in view in those admirable subjects, more than once glanced at—the *Four Parts of the Day*. He shows you the abstract and brief chronicle of the time, and is content with painting four inimitably graphic scenes of life in London in 1738, without insisting on any particular ethical text. Let us see what this life in London is. We begin with a dark, raw winter's morning in Covent Garden Market. There is Inigo Jones's "Barn;" and, although oddly reversed (to the confusion of topographical knowledge, in the engraving), the tall house, now Evans's Hotel, and the commencement of King Street. The Piazza we do not see. In front of the church is a sort of shebeen or *barraque*, the noted Tom King's coffee-house—whether so named from the highwayman, who was the friend of Dick Turpin (and was shot by him), or from some popular landlord, I am unable to determine. The clock points to five minutes to eight. A rigid old maid of

pinched and nipped appearance, but patched and beribboned and be-fanned, as though in the desperate hope that some beau who had been on the roister all night would suddenly repent and offer her his hand and heart, is going to *matins*, followed by a shivering little foot-page, who carries her prayer-book. Inside Tom King's there has been, as usual, a mad broil. Periwigs are flying about. Swords are crossed with cudgels, and the drawers are divided between fears for their sconces and anxiety to know who is to pay the reckoning for that last half-guinea bowl. Two stumpy little schoolboys in enormous hats are cowering along on their way to school. It is so cold that they will find it almost a mercy to have their palms warmed with the ferule. The snow lies thick on the house-tops, and the vagrant hangers-on to the market have lit a fire with refuse wood, and are warming one blue hand, begging piteously, meanwhile, with the other. More beaux and bloods have rambled into the market, their rich dresses all disordered, to make staggering love to apple-women, and sempstresses going to their work. Early as it is, the touters in the employ of the quack, Dr. Rock, are abroad, and carry placards vaunting the doctor's cures, impudently headed by the royal arms. There is a foreground of carrots, turnips, and cabbage-leaves. Change the dresses; clear away Tom King's coffee-house, and transplant its roisterers to some low tavern in the immediate neighbourhood, and Hogarth's *Life in London* is enacted every summer and winter morning in our present Covent Garden Market. But the scene changes. We are at high *Noon*. It is Sunday, and a congregation are coming out of church, or rather chapel; for, although the tall spire of St. Martin's looms close by, our congregations are issuing from a brick meeting-house of the French Huguenot persuasion. A Parisian beau of the first water—on week days he is probably an enameller or a water-gilder in Bear or Spur Street, is prattling to a coquettish lady in a sack, much apparently to the annoyance of an attenuated gentleman, not unlike M. de Voltaire in middle age. He is the husband, I think, of the lady of the sack, and is jealous of her; for even Huguenots are susceptible of the green-eyed passion. They have a child with them,—an astonishing little mannikin made up as sprucely as a bushy wig, lace, embroidery, ruffles, buckles, a tiny sword, and a diminutive cane will allow him,—but who, for all his fine raiment, looks lovingly at a neighbouring puddle. Two ancient gossips are kissing one another. A demure widow, stiff-wimpled, glances with eyes half closed at the flirtation between the beau and the lady in the sack. The widow is not talking, but she is evidently *thinking*, scandal. In the background, see the tottering old almsmen creeping away home to the house of charity, erected by some rich silk factor, who managed to save something from the spoliation of the dragonades, and, after that, made a fortune in Soho or Spitalfields. And sweeping down the church steps, see the stern French Protestant pastor with Geneva bands and austere wig. Exiled, proscribed, and with but a barren benefice, he is yet as proud as the haughtiest prelate of the swollen Gallican church. He can bear persecution, the



bitterest,—has borne it, is ready to bear it again,—but he never forgets that there was, years ago, a confessor of his creed, one Jean Chauvin, called Calvin; and woe betide the day when he himself shall become a persecutor, and get some new Servetus into his power; for, of a surety, he will roast him at the stake.

There is no wasting going on to-day more fatal than that of meat, and yet there are wars and rumours of wars about that. There is “good eating” at the sign of the “Baptist’s Head,” which is depicted duly decolated in a charger; but next door, at the sign of the “Good Woman,” who is painted, according to custom, headless, a gentleman and his wife in the first-floor front have had a furious quarrel respecting a baked shoulder of mutton with potatoes under it, and the lady has flung the joint and its appurtenances, dish and all, out of the window. Below, mishaps as momentous have occurred. A bold Blackamoor has stolen a kiss from a very pretty girl who is taking home a pie. A shock-headed boy has stumbled against a post with the dish of viands he is carrying. All is smashed: the boy yelps with dismay, and scratches his tangled poll at the idea of the practical remonstrances which may be addressed to him by his parents on his return home; and a hungry little tatterdemalion of a girl at the post’s foot, crouches prone to the pavement, and greedily crams herself with the scattered waifs and strays of victual. Pass on to *Evening*.

We are at Sadler’s Wells tea and bun house,\* and hard by the Sir

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\* Soon after tea became the fashionable beverage, several gardens in the outskirts of London were opened as tea-gardens; but the proprietors, finding the visitors wanted something else besides tea, accommodated them with ale, bottled beer, &c. In an old magazine, printed in the beginning of George III.’s reign, the writer, speaking of persons whose habit it was to resort to the various tea-gardens near London every Sunday, calculates them to amount to 200,000. Of these he considers that not one would go away without having spent 2s. 6d.; and, consequently, the sum of 25,000*l.* would have been spent in the course of the day by this number of persons. Sunday afternoon and evening were a perfect carnival for the lower classes, and the “fields,” as well as the tea-gardens, were crowded. “People who sell fruit, &c., in the fields, preparing to shut up their stalls and joyfully retire to the Geneva shops; cold beef and carrot most vigorously attacked in public houses by hungry acquaintances just come out of the fields. . . . The Court of Aldermen belonging to the Black Bull in Kentish Town clearing the afternoon reckoning, that they may walk to London before dark. . . . Divers companies of Jacobites censuring the ministers in hedge publick houses, and by their discourse do mighty matters for the Pretenders. . . . The drawers at Sadler’s Wells and the Prospect House near Islington, Jenny’s Whim at Chelsea, the Spring Gardens at Newington and Stepney, the Castle at Kentish Town, and the Angel at Upper Holloway, each of them trying to cheat, not only the customers, but even the person who has the care of the bar; and every room in these houses full of talk and smoke. Poor men, women, and children creeping out of the fields, the first half drunk, the others tired and hungry. . . . Men who keep hay-farms about this metropolis ordering their servants to prevent the too great devastation of new-mown hay by people who are tumbling about the fields. . . . Poor honest women at their bedsides, praying and coaxing their husbands to arise and take a walk with them in the fields.”—These notabilia are from a very rare and curious tract, called *Low Life; or, One-Half of the World knows not how the other half Live*,



Hugh Middleton Tavern. A lean citizen and his portly, gaily bedizened wife are taking the air by the New River side. Amwell Street and reservoirs as yet are not. The two elder children—boy and girl—are squabbling and nagging one another, even as the author of *The Mill on the Floss* tells us that children carp and nag. The lean husband is entrusted with the care of the youngest child, who is weakly and fatigued besides, and with a rueful countenance he cuddles the little innocent. This is not a happy marriage. There is a charming aspect of rurality about the scene; and I would that Hogarth had spared us that little bit of cynicism about the frontal protuberance of the cow which is being milked in the background. It is not meet that I should be more explicit regarding the connection of the cow with the lean tradesman's wig, than to refer you to a Roman poet who tells us that there are twin gates to Sleep, through which our dreams issue—and even married tradesmen must sleep and dream,—and that one of the gates is of ivory, and the other of horn.

And what of *Night*?—night, when “wicked dreams abuse the curttained sleep.” Hogarth shows us night in its more jovial, reckless aspect, not in that murderous, purse-cutting, marauding guise of which Fielding, as a Westminster justice, was so searchingly aware. Xantippe is showering her favours from the window of the Rummer Tavern. Two Freemasons—one said to be a portrait of the well-known Justice De Veil—are staggering home after a banquet of extraordinary liberality. By the oak boughs decking the windows and the Freemasons' hats, the night would seem to be that of the twenty-ninth of May—Restoration day. The equestrian statue of Charles I. is shadowed in the distance, but the locality does not at all resemble Charing Cross. In the extreme background a house is in flames—the conflagration probably due to one of the numerous bonfires on which the Hanoverian government for years strove to put an extinguisher, but which the populace, with all their hatred of Popery, brass money and wooden shoes, and love for the Protestant succession, as resolutely kept alight. Through an open window you see a fat man undergoing the operation of shaving. He is probably being dandified in honour of some tavern supper to which he is invited, in celebration of Restoration Day. The date should, properly, be nearer Michaelmas or Ladyday; for a tenant to whom the payment of rent has become irksome is removing his goods in a cart—“shooting the moon” by the light of the bonfires and the blazing house. To complete the scene, the “Salisbury Flying Coach” has broken down; the off-wheel has tumbled into one of the pyres of rejoicing; and the immured passengers are vainly entreating assistance at the hands of the inebriated watch.

I come now to the work, *Strolling Actresses Dressing in a Barn*,—“in-

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in a true Description of a Sunday, as it is usually Spent within the Bills of Mortality, calculated for the Twenty-first of June (Whit Sunday). The book is anonymous, but is dedicated to “the ingenious and ingenuous Mr. Hogarth.”

vented, painted, designed, and published by William Hogarth." The wisest authorities concur in according the very highest meed of praise to this splendid composition. Horace Walpole says of it, that "for wit and imagination, without any other end, this is the best of all our artist's works;" and the German, Lichtenberg, observes, "Never, perhaps, since the graver and pencil have been employed in the service of satire, has so much lively humour been compressed within so small a compass as here." Indeed the picture-print is an exceedingly fine one; and save that tragic interest is lacking, shows almost all that of which Hogarth was artistically, physically, and mentally capable. It has been suggested that the title, *Strolling Actresses*, is incomplete, and that "Actors" should be added; but it is worthy of remark that the beau dressing has a face and figure of such feminine beauty, that Hogarth's model might well have been Peg Woffington, in that character of Sir Harry Wildair, in which she made the men jealous and the women fall in love with her; or else William's famous Drum-Majoreess from Southwark fair, invested, "for this occasion only," with more than Amazonian grace. The children attired as cupids, demons, &c. may be accepted as of the epicene gender; and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* are unquestionably women, either young or old. In the first impression of the plate the playbill informs the public that the part of Jupiter will be performed by "Mr. Bilk Village;" but in later impressions the name is concealed by a deep shadow from another bill cast over it; and the rest of the characters, so far as I can make them out with a magnifying glass, are all by Mrs. So-and-So. The manager is not represented here: and, indeed decorum would forbid Mr. Lamp being present in the ladies' dressing-room, although the theatre was but a barn. You must remember that this picture is, to a certain extent, an artistic *Dunciad*. It tears away a veil, it rolls up the curtain; it shows all the squalor, misery, degradation of the player's life in Hogarth's time. It is repugnant to think that my William could be for once in his life so pusillanimous as to satirize women when he dared not depict men. Such, however, seems to have been the case. Moreover, the ladies are nearly all exquisitely beautiful; and a woman will pardon almost any affront in the world so long as you respect her beauty. But once ignore her pretty countenance, and *gare aux ongles!* No sooner had the unhappy Essex been detected in making a face at his ruddled, wrinkled Royal Mistress, than his head was virtually off his shoulders. A woman may be beaten, starved, trampled on, betrayed, and she will forgive and smile; but there is no forgiveness after such a deadly insult as was hurled by Clarendon in Castlemaine's pretty face: "Woman, you will one day become OLD."

And Hogarth may have feared the menfolk of the side-scenes and the footlights, even had he drawn no portraits and named no names. Some periwig-pated fellow would have been sure to declare that he was libelled in Jupiter Bilk Village. I am given to understand that in this present era the players are peaceable gentry enough; that Mr. Robson is by no means a fire-eater, and that Mr. Wigan is no shedder of man's blood. But in the

days when Colley Cibber wrote his fantastic *Apology*, and long before, the actors had been a strange, wild, and somewhat desperate set. In James's time, Ben—he was, to be sure, an author as well as an actor, and both constitutionally and professionally choleric—was a very Pandarus of Troy, and always ready to measure swords with an opponent. The comedians of King Charles I. gallantly took service on the Royal side, and at Edgehill and Wiggan Lane did so slash and curry the buff jerkins of the Roundheads, as to diminish our wonder at all players, during the Protectorate, being rigorously proscribed. The stage-players of the Restoration and the following reigns were notorious swashbucklers. Actors had often to fight their way by dint of rapier up to the "leading business." Betterton fought half a dozen duels. Mountford, in a quarrel with Lord Mohun, was stabbed by one of the companions of that noble bravo. Powell cudgelled an insolent dandy at Wills' Coffee House. Hildebrand Horden, a young actor of great promise, quarrelled with a Colonel Burgess, who had been resident at Venice, fought with him and was slain; and Macklin, who was always in some difficulty or another, was tried at the Old Bailey for killing a man in the playhouse dressing-room on some farthing-token turmoil about a property wig. No wonder that Hogarth forbore—after his early escapades of the *Beggar's Opera* and the players in *Southwark Fair*—further to provoke so irascible a race. 'Twas all very well to paint Walker in *Macbeth* and Garrick in *Richard*, or to etch benefit tickets for the gentlemen of the Theatres Royal; but 'ware hawk when he came to twit them on their poverty and their rags!

In mere assumption, therefore, I take all the company in the barn to be of the non-combative sex. The comedians are announced as "from London;" the piece to be performed is *The Devil to Pay in Heaven*. Diana, Flora, Juno, Night, a Ghost, three witches, a Tragedy Queen, two demons, Jupiter's eagle—who is feeding a swaddled baby from a little pap-saucepan, superposed on a copy of the Act against Strolling Players, which again is placed on a regal crown—the sun, moon, and stars, two kittens, and a monkey, seem to be among the characters. The handsome youth, whom I conjecture to be an Amazon, is to play Jupiter. The eagle—with a child's face peeping from beneath the beak—is feeding the baby, perhaps Jupiter's baby, at his or her feet. The central female figure, Flora, it would appear—although from the extremely airy state of her drapery, she is not susceptible of reproduction as a modern example—must ever remain a cynosure to all sincere admirers of William Hogarth. Nothing can be more gracefully beauteous than the composition and drawing of this figure, the only exception to which (in addition to æriness of drapery) is that some aberration of the laws of pneumatics must have disarranged and held in suspense the folds of the sole garment which the goddess Flora, at this stage of her toilet, condescends to wear. She is, indeed, too much pre-occupied just now, to think of dressing; and in the ardour of recitation—she is going through the grand tirade of the evening, and tramples on the very hoop that she will presently assume. To make amends, her head is

elaborately powdered, jewelled, and plumed, and her fair neck is encircled by a rich necklace, composed, without doubt, of stones as precious as any of those in the large hamper which serves as a dressing table for the *seconda donna*, and which, to judge by its distinguishing label, contains the regalia of the entire company. Heroine number two, who is kneeling before this hamper, has reached the more advanced stage of having donned a petticoat of vast amplitude of material and rigid circumference of basket-work: a few rents, however, in the fabric, would appear to show that the hoop has seen some service. This lady is further sacrificing to the Graces, to the extent of greasing her locks with a tallow candle; and on the hamper top, by the candle in its sconce, the shell that holds the carmine, and the comb that wants a tooth, lies ready to the heroine's hand that flour-dredger from whose perforated dome shall speedily issue the snowy shower so essential to the frosting of that fair head. See yet another heroine, beautiful, majestic, severe, as Belvidera, as Sophonisba, or as Lindamira, and not unlike Hogarth's own Sigismunda, duly equipped in veil and tiara and regal robe, and with certainly as comely a pair of hands and arms as any well-grown young woman could desire to have. This is the Tragedy Queen. She is conning her part for the last time; but is not too proud to rest her exquisite leg and foot on a wheel-bench in order that a faithful comrade, the *sui-vante* in the drama, may darn a rent in her stocking. Briefly must the rest of the wondrous tableau be glanced at. Look at the noble matron who holds a squalling and clawing kitten, while the atrocious harridan near her snips off the tip of the poor animal's tail with a pair of scissors, and allows the blood to drip into a broken basin. Is rose-pink, or, at least, red ochre so scarce that real blood is necessary for the bedaubing of some stage assassin? Why, Farmer Hodge, to whom the barn belongs, would surely lend some of the red pigment with which he ruddles his sheep. Jupiter—lady or gentleman as the case may be—does not disdain to take some comfort in the glass of celestial ichor, otherwise gin, which a young lady attired as a mermaid pours from a black bottle, and hands to the Olympian potentate, a daughter of night looking on in pleased contemplation. An ape in a corner is making himself comfortable with the plumed helmet of Alexander the Great, and the kittens are tranquilly playing with a regal orb and the lyre of Apollo. A Virgin of the Sun (apparently, in everyday life, mamma to Cupid) points with that deity's bow to a pair of stockings hanging over a scene to dry; and the obedient urchin, wigged, winged, and quivered, ascends a ladder to fetch down the required hose. A considerable portion of the company's body linen, all more or less tattered, is suspended for drying purposes over a prosaic clothes'-line. For the rest, drums, trumpets, violincellos, and the stage thunder; fragments of scenery—now a forest and now a Roman temple; the dips stuck in potatoes cut in half that are to illumine the stage and the auditory; a classical altar with rams' heads at the angles, and behind which the two demons are contending as to who shall take the first draught from a mighty tankard of home-brewed; the child's crib, a

homely gridiron, an S.P.Q.R. standard, the palette, pipkins, and brushes of the scene-painter, canvas clouds and pasteboard griffins, Flora's car, and the union-jack, make up the accessories in this curious medley. The originally agricultural character of the place is shown by the flail hanging over the sheaves of straw, and, through a hole in the thatch, a gaping rustic stares at the strange scene beneath him. Poor mummers! poor rogues and vagabonds by Act of Parliament! They seem merry enough, for all their raggedness and all their misery.

It was a very nice thing, in those days, to be Signor Farinelli, or Senesino, or Faustina, or Cuzzoni. It was not so bad to write libretti, like the Abbé Vanneschi. It was genteel and courtly to be an architect, author and opera manager combined, like Sir John Vanbrugh. It was even tolerable to be the patentee of one of the great houses, like Rich, with his diamond buckles, or Colley Cibber, who was a fine gentleman and a macaroni, and whom "all the town went to see," says Horace Walpole, when, at seventy years of age, and at an honorarium of fifty guineas a night, he condescended to play such parts as Pandulph, in his own play of *Papal Tyranny*. But at the time Hogarth was painting his wonderful picture, the lot of an actor, even the most eminent, was painful, was precarious, was replete with unspeakable degradations. A man against whom no stronger accusation could be brought than that he lived by the honourable exercise of the talents which the Almighty had given him, was exposed to affronts the most brutal and the most wanton at the hands of every fool of quality, or of every rascal with a cockade in his hat who called himself captain. With the exception of the outrage on Dryden by the braves of Rochester, and that on Voltaire by the lacqueys of the duke he had offended, there is not on record a more cowardly and ruffianly transaction than the slaughter of poor Will Mountford by Captain Hill and the wretch Mohun, for the reason, forsooth, that Mrs. Bracegirdle chose to look with favour on him. It was to be expected that noblemen would hold players of but little account: it was bad enough to be excommunicated by the clergy, and vilified by the critics: but the players' humiliations did not end here; and not an Irish ensign, not a beggarly son to some creeper of the backstairs, not a student of the inns of court, not a Somersetshire esquire whose grandfather was hanged for being at Sedgemoor, but thought himself infinitely superior to such men as Wilks, and Booth, and Doggett. It was long ere this irrational superciliousness declined; even at this very day in which I write it is not eradicated. The wise, and learned, and pious Johnson, the gifted and polished Reynolds, the stately Warburton, the eloquent Burke, did not disdain the company and friendship of a play-actor; but hearken to the terms in which a perchance War Office clerk addressed the Roscius of the English stage: "Vagabond! keep to your pantomimes." It was thus that the party-writer, Junius, wrote to DAVID GARRICK; and I doubt not but that had he been in Mr. Secretary Cecil's office two centuries before he would, just as contemptuously, have apostrophized WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



If such was the status of the London actor, in what light was looked upon the wretched stroller, the Bilk Village, who wandered from fair to fair and from barn to barn, to rant the tirades of the drivelling Shadwell and the crazy Nat Lee, for the amusement of Lobbin Clout and Dorothy Draggletail. The stroller was a vagabond by law. The tipsy justices whom Gay satirized in the "What d'ye call it?" might send the constable after him, might lay him by the heels in the cage, and deliver his wife and daughters to the tender mercies of the beadle and the whipping-post. The unpatented player was *caput lupinum*. He was a social outlaw. He was driven from tithing to tithing, or clapped up in Bridewell, while quacks as impudent as Misaubin, and as extortionate as Rock, lived in ease and splendour, unmolested, batted on the plunder of the public, and drove about the town in gilded carriages. One can understand the bigoted French clergy demurring as to the Christian burial of Molière—had he not written *Tartuffe*? but it is difficult to comprehend what harm the English players had ever done to Church or State, or in what degree even the lowest strollers were inferior to the effete Italian mountebanks upon whom the English nobility delighted to heap gold in thousands.

The print of the *Enraged Musician* has been said by many to be capable, at most, of deafening those who looked upon it. It is, in truth, a noisier picture than *Southwark Fair*; but the noise it exhibits is less tolerable. There is no cheerful murmur, no busy hum, no babbling of human brooks; but rather one sustained, jarring, clanging, maddening "row." The unhappy musician, who is composing a *motett*, or scoring an overture, in his tranquil parlour, and—it being summer time—has left his window open, has every cause to be enraged and exasperated by this persistent concourse of discordant sounds. The raven himself would be hoarse were he to strive to croak down these hideous noises. There is a little girl springing her rattle; a needy knifegrinder plying his wheel and whistling meanwhile; a beggar-woman with a squalling bantling, excruciatingly swaddled, yelping out the ballad of the *Ladies' Fall*;<sup>\*</sup> a pretty young milk-woman, with her open milk-pail on her head—not yoked with a brace of cans, as in our time—who is giving "milk O!" with all the strength of her robust lungs; a dustman passes bawling with his cart; a small-coal man utters his lugubrious chant; a vendor of fish vaunts the freshness and succulence of his wares; a child, accoutred in all the absurdity of the reigning mode, and who might be twin-brother to the overdressed little urchin in *Noon*, is thwacking the parchment of a toy drum; from the chimney-top of a neighbouring house a sweep, having completed his task, gives utterance to his jödil, implying the crowning of the work by the end; it is the king's birthday, or some other national *fête*, and while the banner flaunts from the steeple, the joy-bells are vociferously ding-donging forth; and an additional contribution is made to this ear-piercing din by

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\* The "*Ladies' Fall*" was the harmonic predecessor of the "*Unfortunate Miss Bailey*."



the vicinity of a whitesmith, one "John Long, Pewterer," whose journey-men are doubtless hammering away with might and main. One is puzzled to imagine what new phase of noise could have been devised by Hogarth to complete this atrocious *tintamarre*. He might have had, perhaps, a wedding-party next door to the musician's, and the marrowbones and cleavers outside congratulating the newly wedded couple with rough music.\* The parish beadle might have been bellowing out an "Oh yes!" relative to purses stolen or pug-dog strayed; a schoolmaster might have been thrashing a boy at an open window; or a butcher ringing the nose of a pig in some outhouse close by. I see, however, that William, disregarding for once the proprieties of time, has sketched two members of the feline family vigorously caterwauling on the tiles. Observe that the musician is said to be "enraged," yet his ire takes no form more aggressive than is manifested by stopping his ears, clenching his fists, and making a wry face at his tormentors. If the disturbance continues he may probably take a further revenge by snapping his violin strings, breaking his bow, or smashing one of the keys of his harpsichord; but were the scene to have taken place in 1860, instead of 1740! I tremble to think of the exemplary vengeance which would be taken by the enraged musician on the miscreants who had done this violence to his tympanum. The needy knife-grinder would, for a certainty, be hauled before Justice Oldmixon, and put in the stocks for a vagrant; Bridewell would be the doom of the pretty milk woman, and the birch or bread-and-water the fate of the little boy with his drum, and the little girl with her rattle. Rigorous Acts of Parliament would be invoked against the dustman and the industrial who sells small coal; the cats would be sent to the pieman, and the chimney-sweep compelled to carry the penal and sable fasces of Ramonage; "John Long, Pewterer," would be indicted as a nuisance, and the ballad-singer and hautboy-player be sent for seven days to the House of Correction. Oh! for a week of despotism to put down itinerant musicians and street noises; and should we require a fortnight of the despotism, I wonder, if the week were granted to our desires?

The *Enraged Musician* is stated to be a portrait of Handel. There is nothing to prove the assertion. His countenance does not at all resemble that of the immortal composer of the *Messiah*; and if we are to take the *Harmonious Blacksmith* as a test of the power of endurance of extraneous sounds possessed by George Frederick Handel, he would more probably have extracted something melodious from the odd *charivari* going on before his window, than have been driven to rage thereby.

Not to be passed over in mention of these one-act dramas, such as

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\* The Marrowbones and Cleavers Societies' Books for the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, are still extant, and in the one year, 1745, their earnings reach the amount of 380*l.*, all given in guineas by the aristocracy patronizing that Temple of Hymen. The gratuity became at last a perfect black mail, and the interference of the law became at last necessary to put a stop to an organized extortion.

the *Strolling Actresses, Southwark Fair, the Distressed Poet, the Enraged Musician, &c. &c.*, is the oddly humorous picture called *Taste in High Life*.



It was painted by Hogarth as a commission from a wealthy and eccentric lady residing at Kensington—a Miss Edwards,—who, having been sharply satirized in society for her own personal oddities, took a sufficiently original vengeance, in commanding Hogarth to perpetuate with his pencil the preposterous absurdities of the dress worn by the most exalted society of her time. There never has been, surely, before or since, a more ludicrous beau than the exquisite who is in raptures with the fine lady in the sack, over the diminutive cup and saucer they have just picked up at a sale. Admire his crossbarred coat, his prodigious queue, his cuffs, his ruffles, the lady's muff he carries. The beau is said to be intended for my Lord Portmore, in the dress he wore at the birthday drawing-room in 1742. We have seen the magnificent accoutrements of Tom Rakewell, when, bound for St. James's on a birthday, he was dragged\* by

\* Three fellows called Duel, Morice, and Hague, were the most notorious catch-poles, bailiffs, or sheriffs' officers in 1730-40. The bailiffs were Christians after a sort; the Jews, who were as yet not legally tolerated in England, could not officiate even as the lowest myrmidons of the law; and it was not until late in George III.'s time that the Israelites took to executing *ca sa's* and *fi fa's*. Still the vocation of bailiff was, and had been for a long time, deemed infamous by the English people; and Dutchmen and Flemings were often employed to do the shoulder-tapping branch of business. Perhaps Messrs. Morice and Hague were of Low Country extraction.

unkind bailiffs from his sedan-chair. We read in Walpole's letters with what solicitude the virtuoso Horace was possessed lest the birthday clothes which he had ordered of a tailor in Paris should fail him in his need. They had been bespoken a month, and he has heard nothing of them, he tells one of his correspondents, plaintively; but none of those suits of attire, gorgeous, radiant as they may have been, could have equalled in transcendency the gala "full fig" of my Lord Portmore. The fashionable lady is equally ineffable in her array. Her younger companion is exquisitely dressed; the black boy—designed, it is reported, for the celebrated Ignatius Sancho in his sable youth—is an oriental dandy of the first water; and the very monkey who is reading the list of purchases made at the auction of articles of *vertu*, is attired in the height of the fashion. Apart from this picture being admirably drawn and composed, and sparkling with very genuine humour—apart from its containing a very stinging satire on the extravagance of fashion in 1742, it is remarkable as a poignant burlesque and lampoon on our own crinoline mania of 1855–60. Just look at the monstrous hoops worn by the two ladies. That of the elder one is half concealed by her brocaded sack; but the flagrancy of the younger lady's *panier* is patent and palpable to the naked eye. She is chucking the little black boy under the chin. Hogarth has, as usual, symbolized a portion of his meaning in pictures on the wall. There are pendants to these pictures of "Taste," in portraits of celebrated male ballet-dancers of the Italian theatre. This picture was, as I have remarked, painted expressly for Miss Edwards. Either she or Hogarth would never consent to an engraving being taken from it; and it was not until after his death that it was engraved—rather softly and cloudily—in stipple or *taille douce*.

All these things were executed in the "shadow of the Forty-five"—in the years immediately preceding the great Jacobite outbreak in Scotland, which ended in the defeat at Culloden, the flight of Charles Edward, and defeat of the rebel lords on Tower Hill. To the Forty-five—its prologue, its drama, and its epilogue,—belong Hogarth's master-works of the *Marriage à la Mode*, the *March to Finchley*, and the portrait of *Lord Lovat*; and of those I must treat, even on the threshold of the scene from which I must soon depart altogether.

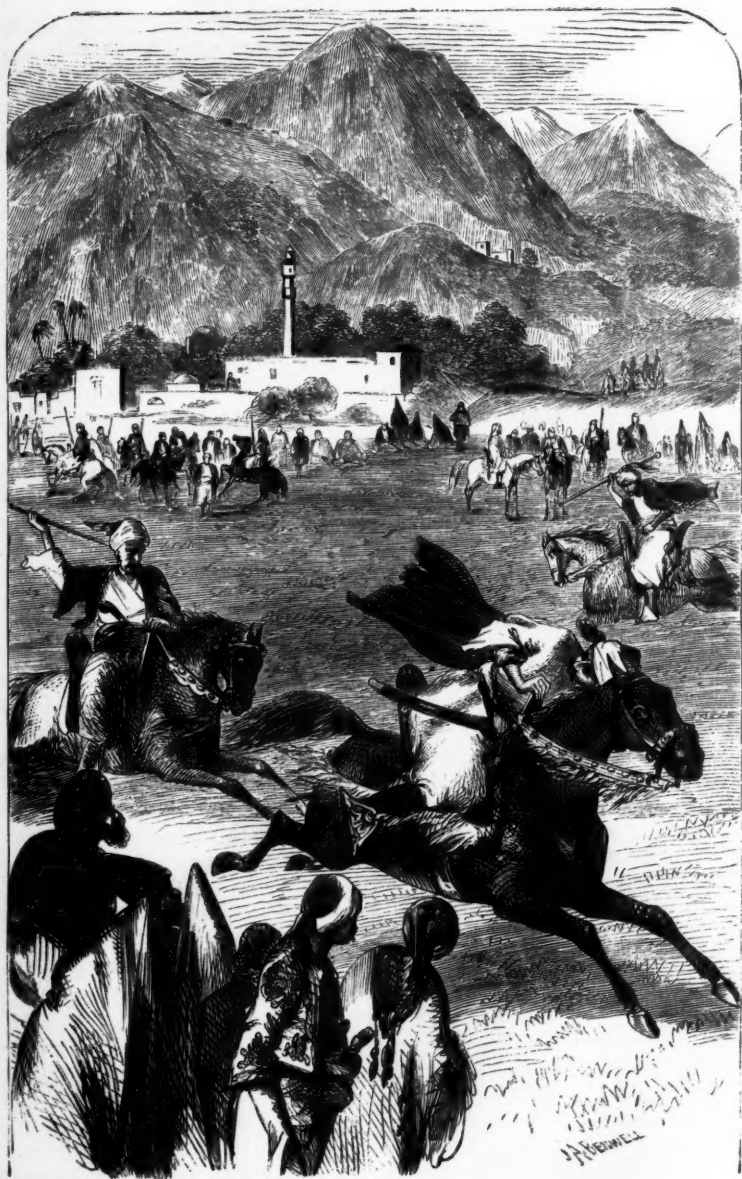
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## The Druses and the Maronites.

THE massacre of many thousands of Maronite Christians by the Druses of the Lebanon, accompanied with those atrocities which Oriental cruelty revels in, is the result of one of those outbursts of fanatical fury which have too often stained with blood the mountains and plains of Syria. It is not the purpose of the writer of these pages to dilate upon the horrors of this frightful slaughter, or expatiate on the miseries of the fugitive women and children, but to give some account of the tribes of the Lebanon, especially the Druses; and also to throw some light upon the causes of the massacre.

Lebanon or Libanus—signifying white, from its snow (the Arabs call milk and curds *leban* to this day)—is the most elevated mountain chain in Syria, celebrated in all ages for its cedars, which furnished wood for Solomon's Temple. The cedar has failed nearly from the land, but the fir-tree is yet a refuge for the stork. Lebanon is the nucleus of all the mountain ranges which from the north, south, and east, converge towards this point, and it overtops them all. This configuration of the mountain ridges, and the superior altitude of Lebanon, are particularly striking to travellers approaching either from the Mediterranean in the west, or the desert in the east. The appearance presented is that of a clouded ridge stretching from north to south as far as the eye can see, the central summits of which are capped with clouds or tipped with snow. The altitude of Lebanon is so great that it appears from the combined reports of travellers to have snow on its highest mountains all the year round. Volney states that it thus remained towards the north-east, where it is sheltered from the sea-winds and the rays of the sun. Maundrell found that part which he crossed (and which was by no means the most elevated) covered with snow in May; and Dr. E. D. Clarke in the month of July saw some of the eastern summits of Lebanon and Anti-Libanus, near Damascus, "*covered with snow*," not lying in patches, as is common in the summer season with mountains which border on the line of perpetual congelation, yet do not quite reach it; but with that perfect, white, smooth, and velvet-like surface which snow only exhibits when very deep. This is a very striking spectacle. In such a climate, the traveller, seeking protection from a burning sun like a firmament of fire, is tantalized by the phenomenon of the mirage. At the time these observations were made, the thermometer stood, on an elevated situation near the Sea of Tiberius, at  $102\frac{1}{2}$  deg. Fahrenheit in the shade.

No country in the world—not even excepting Switzerland—is more rich in the sublime and the picturesque than the Lebanon. As the traveller mounts higher and higher, the scene opens out a new and magnificent prospect. Ever and anon Druse families or Maronites are seen travelling



GAMES OF THE DRUSES.

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downwards towards the Beyrout markets, carrying with them the rich produce of the soil: the huge logs of timber which obstruct the mountainous ascent give rise to many unchristian exclamations. Here and there also are Druse ladies with the preposterous horn on their heads, worn sideways, and which reminds one of the horn of the rhinoceros: indeed, if a Druse lady were spitefully inclined to charge one ram-fashion, the assault might prove dangerous. When, after hours of toil, the highest summit is attained, then indeed the prospect is sublime. Far as the eye can reach are seen the silvery, calm waters of the Mediterranean, only undulating in little blue curves here and there where some stray zephyr ruffles the surface. Farther, under the crimson sky of Asia Minor, rises cool-looking Taurus, always crowned with snow. Nearer is one vast extent of vegetation—plains of emerald with clusters of fig-trees and wide-spreading apricots, and a dense profusion of mulberry-trees. The ascent from the celebrated cedars is amidst perpetual snows; but once accomplished, we gaze upon a grand panorama, the scene of great events during centuries of past history. Down those rugged declivities the myriads of Sennacherib rushed in tumultuous array, flushed with spoil and victory. Through that defile went the Grecian phalanx laden with the spoils of Issus, and exulting in the promised spoils of Tyre. Through these passes the Crusader chiefs led their deluded hosts; and up them soon may clamber the Zouaves and Chasseurs of France, to revenge the bloodshed of Christians. Stout British arms and hearts, and cordial British sympathy, are there also.

The Druses are said to have derived their name from Druzi, who was possibly a tailor, or a *trozec*, as they are now called; many Eastern surnames finding their origin in the occupation or calling of the founder of the family. This personage lived in the eleventh century, and preached the divinity of Hakim, a Caliph, whose reign was long, and monstrously iniquitous, but who is adored as a god by the Druses, and looked to as their future deliverer. Like the Jews, they are expecting a Messiah, who is to be this said Hakim the Second, and whose advent will be from China, through India, Beloochistan, Persia, and over Central Asia. They are also said to worship a calf, in remembrance both of the Egyptian god Apis, and of the golden calf worshipped by the Israelites; but they conceal the rites of their religion. This tribe, which was powerful in the last century, was decimated sixty years ago, by the celebrated Emir Beqhir, a great prince among the Maronites, but an unchristian man. The embers of that long-slumbering feud have now, by some underhand means, been fanned into a flame again.

The Druses are divided into two classes, the Okals and the Jakals—or the learned and the unlearned. To the Okals are entrusted all affairs connected with the political and domestic economy of the mountain territories belonging to that sect. They are essentially the peace-makers between contending parties, and go-betweens in negotiations for marriage, or for buying and selling; and they are, to a man, bold and venture-

some soldiers, always in the van in the battle-field. In former days, this Emir Bechir was wont to invest the most learned of the Okals with a cloak of honour, conferring on him the title of Sheik of the Okals. The Okals were presumed to practise the most strict morality, and their conduct was generally exemplary. They practised the most rigid self-denial; some devoting themselves to celibacy, others turning anchorites, and retiring to secluded *Holowas* or *hemulages*, where, despite the severe cold experienced in winter, a mat was their bed, a stone their pillow, and a coarse woollen garb, girt round the waist with a leathern girdle, their only garment; an atom of dry bread, twice a day, being their only food. They assume the greatest humility, by returning courteously the salute of the poorest peasants; and they are held in the highest respect by all classes, unwillingly submitting their hands to receive the kiss of veneration. In this respect their humility contrasts not unfavourably with the haughty bearing of the Christian priests, who extort such tokens of respect as their rights. The *Holowas* inhabited by that sect of Okals devoted to perpetual celibacy are situated on the summits of some of the loftiest mountains, commanding noble and extensive views; they are surrounded in the immediate vicinity by well-cultivated lands, their own property, and the proceeds of which are devoted exclusively to charity. Some of these *Holowas* are dedicated to Job and others of the old prophets; and in one, at a place called Nehor, in the district of Shoof, there is a lamp kept burning night and day.

Of the religion of these people little or nothing is known: indeed it is a mystery. Those that have lived longest amongst them have not been able to obtain any satisfactory information on the subject. A Frenchman, who was originally in the household of Lady Hester Stanhope, and had, therefore, many means and opportunities of intercourse with the Okals, was very near acquiring the secret of the Druses' creed. By long and friendly intercourse with one of the Okals, he at last succeeded in persuading him that he was a veritable disciple, thirsting after a knowledge of the mysteries of Hakim, and the day and hour had been appointed when he should be initiated. The weather was unpropitious; but despite of wind and rain, hail and snow, the inquisitive Frenchman started off at midnight on foot, and traversed the mountain passes alone: weary, and wet, and nervous, he reached the indicated *Holowa* an hour or so before daybreak, when his spirits revived upon finding the old Okal ready to receive him. His initiation into the deep mysteries of Druseism was about to commence, when the small oil lamp burning dimly, and the Okal's eyesight being bad, he requested his disciple to snuff it with a pair of scissors; unhappily, in complying with this request, the Frenchman extinguished the light—a terrible omen, in the estimation of the Okal, who at once renounced all former promises, and for no consideration could he be induced to initiate the disappointed Frank.

The Druses meet every Thursday evening for devotional purposes at their *Holowas*, on which occasions, during the earlier part of the evening,

strangers, and even Europeans are admitted; the Koran is also read, as a blind to any Mahomedan spy who may chance to be present: sweetmeats and dried figs are ranged in saucers on the floor. But little or no attention is paid to the readers, who are for the most part lounging upon the floor. Conversation on every-day common topics never flags; and some walk about, while others are squatted upon the floor, and all keep chatting and laughing incessantly. With the lovely scenery around, the crimson tints of the setting sun reflected on the snow-capped hills, and the varied and picturesque costumes of the different groups, the scene constitutes a strange and striking tableau. At a later hour of the evening the devotional business commences in earnest. The doors are suddenly closed; all strangers and Jakals ejected, and the Okals enter into the mysteries of their creed; guarding with Freemason-like precaution all avenues leading to the *Holwas* by sentries well armed and equipped.

It is most remarkable that amongst the Druses, and in a country like Syria, where the generality of native Christian women are almost secluded from society and held in the utmost contempt, the order of the Okals should be open to persons of both sexes: women as well as men belonging to it. This is so utterly at variance with the practices of all other Oriental people, including Christians and Jews, that it seems like some germ of past civilization still springing up amidst a field of rank superstition and ignorance. Yet such is known to be a fact by those who have resided longest amongst them, and whose position and character are a guarantee as to the truthfulness of the statement. At the Okal meetings the public and private characters of individuals are freely commented upon; indeed they form a kind of Druse senate for concerting and arranging all things requisite for the general weal of the clan.

Very strict and very rigid are the laws of initiation to Okalship. It is indispensable as a first step, that the aspirants should leave off all display in apparel, and henceforward be clad only in the roughest material. They must entirely, and for ever, abandon the use of wines, spirits, and tobacco: the latter a very severe self-denial to a people, who, almost from their infancy, are addicted to a free use of the aromatic weed from Latachia—the famous *Abou-Reah*, the father of essences from Gibili. They must undergo a probation of two years (similar to deacons in the church), during which interval their behaviour is narrowly watched, to see that they are possessed of firmness and perseverance, and that their moral conduct is irreprehensible. During this period they are inculcated with a profound sense of the immense importance of secrecy in connection with the order. In Oriental metaphor, an Okal will exclaim, whilst presenting one of them with a fig, "This is religion, *not a fig*;" signifying thereby, that as the fruit once swallowed will never come to light again, so they that accept and imbibe Druse secrets, must never suffer them to appear before men, but faithfully conceal them in the recesses of the heart, and treasure them as a gem of priceless value. If at the expiration of the term of probation the Jakals have satisfied the consciences of those who have scrutinized

their every action, and secretly dodged their footsteps, they are then permitted to attend the *Holawas*, and remain during the earlier portion of the service. They obtain, however, but a faint notion of what they have yet to learn. On the second year, the men assume the white turban, as the emblem of faith and purity. And so, by degrees—"shua, shua," as the Arabs say—by little and little, according to the zeal displayed and the deportment of the *Jakal*, he is ultimately metamorphosed into the *Okal*.

The habitations of the Sheiks of the Lebanon consist of large masses of buildings, erected upon a somewhat similar principle to the model lodging-houses in London, and with an eye to mutual security, comfort, and protection. They are, in short, ranges of barracks, wherein each Sheik occupies two or more apartments according to his means, and he dwells there with his wife and family. Happily for themselves they are a people wholly unacquainted with the European luxury of suites of elegantly furnished apartments. The boudoir of the Sheik's wife is the family sleeping apartment; where, in the absence of anything more elegant, a pile of mattresses and pillows (which will be spread out upon the floor to sleep on at night) serve as a substitute for more costly divans or chairs. The Sheik himself holds his morning *levée* out in the open courtyard opposite his house in fine weather; and in winter, within the single *salle de reception*, where the visitors congregate round a brasier of burning charcoal, looking like so many witches round a mystic incense pot, and discussing more tobacco-smoke than anything else. Opposite to these dwellings are their respective Meidans or "lungees" for horse exercise, where the very favourite game of the *djereed* is practised. To the gateway, in summer, as in the days of Job and David, resort the great, the wealthy, and the indolent, accompanied by their male children; for these are a glory and a pride in their eyes, and blessed is that man supposed to be, even to this day, who has his quiver full of them. Amongst a people that are continually at feud with their neighbours, or with aggressors from the plains, every additional arm that can wield a weapon, offensive or defensive, is, as a matter of course, an acquisition; whereas a poor girl is more likely to prove an encumbrance and a source of anxiety, rather than a solace or comfort in times of trouble. This has been sadly illustrated during the recent massacres, for the assassins made a point of destroying every male adult and infant while the women were left to perish by starvation.

Lounging in their gateways, the Sheiks accost every passer-by, their conversation being chiefly limited to agricultural matters; for both Druses and Maronites are, strictly speaking, an agricultural people and hewers of timber, though they certainly have not yet beaten their swords into ploughshares. Resembling as they do, in some respects, the Highlanders of Scotland, with their clans and mountain homes, it is not very singular, that they themselves should be imbued with notions that the Scotch are mystically related to them, and profess the same secret faith. Another curious fact that it is well to bear in mind, is the unchecked disgust and

horror the Druses displayed on hearing of the atrocities committed by the Indian sepoy: one chieftain even went so far as to volunteer his services to help in quelling the rebellion; yet to these people are attributed crimes equally revolting. When casual European travellers stumble across them, their conversation takes a wider range, and the new-comer is nearly questioned to death by the more enquiring and enlightened Sheiks. The Druses have a decided preference for the British, and openly express their gratitude; many of them having been in former times saved from exile and death through British agency.

The incomes of the Sheiks vary from 30*l.* to 300*l.* per annum. One amongst them, however, the Sheik Seid Jumblat (whose name has been so often before the public lately, as having sheltered at his own and his sister's house, many of the refugees) possesses a princely revenue for these people; having an income of nearly 3,500*l.* per annum from the produce of fertile lands and plantations. Some of the Sheiks are, however, deeply involved; but their pride and love of display makes them willingly sacrifice even the common necessities of life to keep up external appearances of show and wealth. They would rather subsist on dry bread and onions, than give up their much-loved mares; and yet, as is sometimes the case with ridiculous pride, they are constrained to stoop to the ignominious necessity of having a partner to defray the expense, who participates turn by turn in the luxury of a gallop, or share of the profits, when any foal or filly is put up to the hammer. The Druse Sheiks are noted for their breed of horses, to the rearing and training of which they devote great skill and pains; and they treat them with the utmost kindness and consideration. They use little of the whip, and less of the spur; and never goad their steeds to vain exertion, nor unnecessarily expose them to damp or cold. Indeed, they are essentially a horse-loving people; and of all the manly games in which cavaliers delight, none surpasses the Meidan.

The Meidan is usually opposite to the entrances to these Sheiks' houses; and few things can present a more picturesque or striking tableau than the gathering of these mountain chiefs and their followers. The sublime mountain scenery around; the snow-capped hills gleaming with gold and scarlet in the sun's bright rays; the purple and crimson hues of the firmament flecked with silvery clouds; the azure tint of the distant mountains contrasting with the deep brown hue of the nearer hills, and the emerald carpet spread over the Meidan by the ever bountiful hand of nature—all these combined form a beautiful picture; which is rendered more brilliant and animated by the groups of richly-dressed horsemen, and superbly caparisoned steeds—the handsomest of men and the noblest of steeds—curvetting and prancing to and fro in the pride of strength and health and the full enjoyment of the exhilarating breeze, which is cooled by the snow and rendered fragrant with the scents of the wild shrubs and flowers. All these combined render the scene, as represented in the engraving, a magnificent and spirit-stirring spectacle.



The Sheiks and their principal attendants who intend to take part in the sports congregate here at an early hour ; and though the sight is a common one to the natives, it invariably attracts crowds of spectators. The horses are put into the requisite paces to get them into good breath, the riders poising their djereeds and practising the fling of the arm, to prepare for the contest. After about a quarter of an hour's practice, the horsemen divide into two parties, stationing themselves at opposite extremities of the Meidan, about a dozen opponents on either side being on the field, and the sport of the day commences. The djereed is a long stick about an inch in diameter, and a yard and a half in length, but blunt and round at both ends. Armed with this, and skilfully poising it in his hand, the Sheik himself is not more impatient for the commencement of the game than is the fiery steed he bestrides, who paws the earth, and sniffs the air with dilated nostrils. Suddenly there rides forth from the ranks a challenger, who leans slightly backwards in his saddle, his right arm carried below his waist, grasping the djereed in the centre and with the clasped fingers uppermost. After traversing about two-thirds of the Meidan he abruptly wheels his horse to the left, without sensibly checking its speed, and in the act of wheeling throws the djereed with his full force at the opponent he has selected, and immediately afterwards putting his horse to its utmost speed, gallops back to his own party, pursued by some other opponent. The djereed thus delivered, derives additional impetus from the swift curve made by the horse in wheeling abruptly round, and it cuts through the air with a whiff like that of a shot. The pursuing horseman from the opposite side in his turn aims at the fugitive, and the greatest agility and skill are displayed by the retreating parties, who avoid the blows aimed at them, by feats of dexterity that would do credit to any acrobat ; hanging over by the horse's neck, and dodging from one side to the other, so that sometimes nothing more than the rider's foot presents itself to his opponent. Sometimes the pursued will suddenly wheel round, and, with consummate address, seize the djereed by the left hand in the full velocity of its flight. Soon the *mêlée* becomes general, and presents a most exciting spectacle to those not actively engaged in it. Men on foot find ample and fatiguing occupation in supplying the riders with djereeds.

In this game of the Meidan severe and dangerous blows are sometimes exchanged ; the combatants get angry, and throwing away their djereeds, draw their swords, and fall to fighting in earnest. On such occasions, however, prompt interference prevents bloodshed. After about three hours, both horses and men are fairly knocked up, and obliged to relinquish the sport. There are many anecdotes of the strength and dexterity of their celebrated djereed-throwers. One, named Sheik Hottar Amul, is said to have sent a djereed through a two-inch deal board. His father was the best horseman in all Syria, and it is told of him, that on one occasion, being present at a Meidan at Grand Cairo, Mahomet Ali bantered him about a certain favourite black eunuch, of enormous strength, who was



the champion of the Meidan, and challenged him to enter the lists with the negro. The Sheik accepted the challenge, stipulating, however, that he should not be held responsible for any consequences; and then riding boldly into the affray, after a few harmless passes that were skilfully parried, he delivered his djereed with such force at the retreating eunuch, that it entered his back between the shoulders and came out at his breast. There is rarely a Meidan without some wound or other being inflicted, and the horses are oftentimes greater sufferers than the men; a riderless and half frantic steed has been seen tearing across the Meidan with a djereed sticking up from its haunches like a signal staff.

Possibly the present intervention in Syria may throw some light on the mysteries of the Druses; meanwhile, there is one singular circumstance which may in some measure account for the sanguinary outbreak in the Lebanon. As Pagans and Mahomedans in India were deeply imbued with the notion that the British raj was drawing to a close, because the hundred years of their prophecy had been accomplished; so the Druses, looking for Hakim's advent, may have carefully registered the dates, and watched the progress of warfare from China in 1840 through Scinde, Beloochistan, Persia, and India, also the massacres at Jedda and Crete—and like the lotus leaf and the chupatties of India—regarded these as signs of the time being at hand when they and their creed were to be paramount. Nor is there any lack of foreign spies or Jesuitical influence about them to lure them into snares and incite turmoils. Yet, be it borne in mind, it was these very Druses, that afforded an inviolable sanctuary to the British Consul-General of Aleppo, and all the Protestant merchants of that town and from other parts of Syria, who fled thither at the commencement of the present century during the war with France, and when the Turks, taking advantage of the state of affairs, would have persecuted them cruelly.

The Maronites may be characterized as the lowland tribes of the Lebanon, and are addicted to peaceful pursuits rather than to warlike exercises. They chiefly employ themselves in rearing silkworms, the produce of which is sold to the European proprietors of the silk factories in the country, most of whom are French. The Maronites are also skilful and industrious cultivators of the soil; producing a great quantity of wine, and supplying the Beyrout market with fruit and vegetables. As regards their religious tenets, the Maronites originally belonged to the Greek Church; but since the reign of Louis XIV., the influence of French emissaries of the Roman Catholic faith has induced great numbers of them to conform to the creed of the Latin Church, though they will not directly acknowledge Papal supremacy. They trace their name to the ancient anchorite Maron; a misanthrope who seems, like Simon Zelotus, to have perverted the principles of Christianity. Even before they professed the Roman Catholic faith the Maronites fraternized with the warriors of the first Crusade, and guided them to Jerusalem. Subsequently, according to the Catholic traditions of

the Lebanon, they fought under the Christian banners during the wars of the Cross. They are a valiant and vigorous race, and before these massacres their numbers were estimated at 250,000 souls. Their principal prelate takes the title of Patriarch of Antioch. What is almost proof positive of the existence of this sect at the time of the Crusades, is the curious fact that many of the families have retained European appellations—a circumstance which tends to the belief that some of the Franks in the times of the Crusaders, must have settled down on Lebanon. Indeed, the Maronites have been termed the "*French of the East*," by faith, reminiscences, and predilection. If they are not so, it is not for the want of priestly craft, and influence, and bribes. They are much attached to the country of St. Louis, and they possess as glorious relics, two letters of protection; one from Louis XIV., the other from the Emperor and most Christian King Louis XV. In the Lebanon the Maronites lived in security, and that district being closed against the Turks, it was an inviolable sanctuary. Many of them resided in the most fertile district of the Ksarwan—where 40,000 Christians are said to be now beleaguered by the ruffianly hordes of Bedouins and Metuallis.

The religious feud that has so long existed between these mountain tribes has been fomented by the intrigues of foreign agents, who, with more zeal than discretion, seek to extend the influence of their respective governments by fostering the prejudices of those parties whom they desire to gain over to their schemes. Thus the Maronites, who are no less fanatical than the Druses, are acted upon, those who belong to the Latin Church by Jesuits, and those of the Greek Church by Greeks; religious bigotry is inflamed, and intolerance roused to a pitch of personal enmity; while the Turks, on their side, lose no opportunity of exacerbating the stern and relentless Druses, and secretly exult in the dissensions of tribes who are almost equally objects of their aversion. For the Druses—though outwardly professing the faith of Mahomet, are not true Mussulmans, but devout believers in their own mysterious creed—hate the Turks with a hatred as deadly as that of the Turks towards Christians. The soldiers of the Sultan, consisting of the very dregs of the people, ill-fed, worse clad, seldom paid, and commanded, for the most part, by indolent and incapable officers, no less barbarous and bigoted than their men, are well pleased to look on at the slaughter of the "Christian dogs;" and, so far from interfering to prevent bloodshed, would only be too eager to join in the sanguinary work.

With such a complication of national and religious antipathies, and political and local antagonisms, influencing barbarous and warlike tribes whose passions and prejudices are violent in proportion to their ignorance, the atrocities recently committed by the Druses, horrible as they are, do not appear so surprising; indeed, it is wonderful that the peace should have been preserved so long, under such a state of things.

It has been insinuated by some foreign journals that the evils existing in Syria have arisen from the expulsion of the Egyptians by the British;

and doubtless European interests were more respected when Syria was governed by Ibrahim Pasha, who ruled with the sword. But, ignorant and bigoted, he emulated the ferocity of Mahomet Ali, without possessing either the sagacity or shrewdness of that redoubtable ruler, and his memory is execrated by the natives, who still spit upon the ground when he is named. An anecdote or two will best illustrate his character. On one occasion Ibrahim Pasha caused a soldier to be ripped up, on the complaint of a poor milk-woman that he had drunk all her milk and refused to pay for it: and the skilful, but unhappy engineer who erected the once magnificent barracks at Antioch by contract, was rewarded by being decapitated on the old bridge that spans the Orontes between Seleucia and Antioch.

Whether, as is hoped, the government of the Sultan will be powerful enough to keep peace in Syria, is doubtful. The vigorous measures adopted by Fuad Pasha, coupled with the gratifying fact that the massacre has ceased, and the truce—for it is nothing more—agreed to by the inimical tribes, may, for a time, produce an outward semblance of tranquillity; but the intervention of European powers would be a much surer guarantee of peace, if political encroachments were not contemplated, and the suppression of internecine warfare and civil broils were alone aimed at. But, unhappily, there are many inducements to make "political capital" out of local feuds, for the advancement of schemes of territorial acquisition. If the intervention of other powers were as free from sinister motives and secret aims of aggrandizement, as that of England, and the religious tenets of the respective tribes were respected, no attempts at proselytism being made, peace might be preserved in the Lebanon, and the Druses and Maronites might dwell tranquilly, if not in harmony, under their vines and fig-trees, smoking the pipe of repose.

Of all the European powers, the influence of the English would be the most acceptable, and the most efficacious; for British power is respected because its exercise has always been free from that intermeddling and proselytizing spirit, which has caused the interference of other powers to be regarded with distrust and aversion. So strong is the general feeling of the Syrians in the disinterestedness of the British Government, that if we had had a resident consul in Lebanon—an English gentleman, firm yet conciliating, acquainted with the character of the people and esteemed by them—it is probable that the massacre might have been prevented. In corroboration of this opinion, it may be stated that in Aleppo, which is a hot-bed of fanaticism, the influence of the British consul, Mr. Skene, has been the means of keeping the peace; indeed, so highly respected is that gentleman by the Bedouins, that though he is known to be a sincere Christian, he has been made a Sheik by them. At Tripoli and Damascus, where all the other consulates were attacked, the British consuls were respected.

As it is, however, the future of Syria is veiled by ominous clouds, which are as yet impenetrable.

## Roundabout Papers.—No. VII.

### TUNBRIDGE TOYS.



WONDER whether those little silver pencil-cases with a moveable almanack at the butt-end are still favourite implements with boys, and whether pedlars still hawk them about the country? Are there pedlars and hawkers still, or are rustics and children grown too sharp to deal with them? Those pencil-cases, as far as my memory serves me, were not of much use. The screw, upon which the moveable almanac turned, was constantly getting loose. The 1 of the table would work from its moorings, under Tuesday or Wednesday, as the case might be, and you would find, on examination, that Th. or W. was the 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  of the month (which was absurd on the face of the thing), and in a word your cherished pencil-case an utterly unreliable timekeeper. Nor was this a matter of wonder. Consider the position of a pencil-case in a boy's pocket. You had hard-bake in it; marbles, kept in your purse when the money was all gone; your mother's purse knitted so fondly and supplied with a little bit of gold, long since—prodigal little son!—scattered amongst the swine—I mean amongst brandy-balls, open tarts, three-cornered puffs, and similar abominations. You had a top and string; a knife; a piece of cobbler's wax; two or three bullets; a *Little Warbler*; and I, for my part, remember, for a considerable period, a brass-barrelled pocket-pistol (which would fire beautifully, for with it I shot off a button from Butt Major's jacket);—with all these things, and ever so many more, clinking and

ratling in your pockets, and your hands, of course, keeping them in perpetual movement, how could you expect your moveable almanac not to be twisted out of its place now and again—your pencil-case to be bent—your liquorice water not to leak out of your bottle over the cobbler's wax, your bull's-eyes not to ram up the lock and barrel of your pistol, and so forth.

In the month of June, thirty-seven years ago, I bought one of those pencil-cases from a boy whom I shall call Hawker, and who was in my form. Is he dead? Is he a millionaire? Is he a bankrupt now? He was an immense screw at school, and I believe to this day that the value of the thing for which I owed and eventually paid three-and-sixpence, was in reality not one-and-nine.

I certainly enjoyed the case at first a good deal, and amused myself with twiddling round the moveable calendar. But this pleasure wore off. The jewel, as I said, was not paid for, and Hawker, a large and violent boy, was exceedingly unpleasant as a creditor. His constant remark was, "When are you going to pay me that three-and-sixpence? What sneaks your relations must be! They come to see you. You go out to them on Saturdays and Sundays, and they never give you anything! Don't tell me, you little humbug!" and so forth. The truth is that my relations were respectable; but my parents were making a tour in Scotland; and my friends in London, whom I used to go and see, were most kind to me, certainly, but somehow never tipped me. That term, of May to August, 1823, passed in agonies then, in consequence of my debt to Hawker. What was the pleasure of a calendar pencil-case in comparison with the doubt and torture of mind occasioned by the sense of the debt, and the constant reproach in that fellow's scowling eyes and gloomy, coarse reminders? How was I to pay off such a debt out of sixpence a week? Ludicrous! Why did not some one come to see me, and tip me? Ah! my dear sir, if you have any little friends at school, go and see them, and do the natural thing by them. You won't miss the sovereign. You don't know what a blessing it will be to them. Don't fancy they are too old—try 'em. And they will remember you, and bless you in future days; and their gratitude shall accompany your dreary after life; and they shall meet you kindly when thanks for kindness are scant. O mercy! shall I ever forget that sovereign you gave me, Captain Bob? or the agonies of being in debt to Hawker? In that very term, a relation of mine was going to India. I actually was fetched from school in order to take leave of him. I am afraid I told Hawker of this circumstance. I own I speculated upon my friend's giving me a pound. A pound? Pooh! A relation going to India, and deeply affected at parting from his darling kinsman, might give five pounds to the dear fellow! . . . There was Hawker when I came back—of course there he was. As he looked in my scared face, his turned livid with rage. He muttered curses, terrible from the lips of so young a boy. My relation, about to cross the ocean to fill a lucrative appointment, asked me with much interest about



my progress at school, heard me construe a passage of Eutropius, the pleasing Latin work on which I was then engaged; gave me a God bless you, and sent me back to school; upon my word of honour, without so much as a half-crown! It is all very well, my dear sir, to say that boys contract habits of expecting tips from their parents' friends, that they become avaricious and so forth. Avaricious! fudge! Boys contract habits of tart and toffee eating, which they do not carry into after life. On the contrary, I wish I *did* like 'em. What raptures of pleasure one could have now for five shillings, if one could but pick it off the pastrycook's tray! No. If you have any little friends at school, out with your half-crowns, my friend, and impart to those little ones the little fleeting joys of their age.

Well, then. At the beginning of August, 1823, Bartlemy-tide holidays came, and I was to go to my parents, who were at Tunbridge Wells. My place in the coach was taken by my tutor's servants—Bolt-in-Tun, Fleet Street, seven o'clock in the morning, was the word. My tutor, the Rev. Edward P——, to whom I hereby present my best compliments, had a parting interview with me: gave me my little account for my governor: the remaining part of the coach-hire; five shillings for my own expenses; and some five-and-twenty shillings on an old account which had been overpaid, and was to be restored to my family.

Away I ran and paid Hawker his three-and-six. Ouf! what a weight it was off my mind! (He was a Norfolk boy, and used to go home from Mrs. Nelson's Bell Inn, Aldgate—but that is not to the point.) The next morning, of course, we were an hour before the time. I and another boy shared a hackney-coach; two-and-six: porter for putting luggage on coach, threepence. I had no more money of my own left. Rasherwell, my companion, went into the Bolt-in-Tun coffee-room, and had a good breakfast. I couldn't; because, though I had five-and-twenty shillings of my parents' money, I had none of my own, you see.

I certainly intended to go without breakfast, and still remember how strongly I had that resolution in my mind. But there was that hour to wait. A beautiful August morning—I am very hungry. There is Rasherwell "tucking" away in the coffee-room. I pace the street, as sadly almost as if I had been coming to school, not going thence. I turn into a court by mere chance—I vow it was by mere chance—and there I see a coffee-shop with a placard in the window, *Coffee, Twopence. Round of buttered toast, Twopence.* And here am I hungry, penniless, with five-and-twenty shillings of my parents' money in my pocket.

What would you have done? You see I had had my money, and spent it in that pencil-case affair. The five-and-twenty shillings were a trust—by me to be handed over.

But then would my parents wish their only child to be actually without breakfast? Having this money, and being so hungry, so very hungry, mightn't I take ever so little? Mightn't I at home eat as much as I chose?

Well, I went into the coffee-shop, and spent fourpence. I remember



the taste of the coffee and toast to this day—a peculiar, muddy, not-sweet-enough, most fragrant coffee—a rich, rancid, yet not-buttered-enough, delicious toast. The waiter had nothing. At any rate, fourpence I know was the sum I spent. And, the hunger appeased, I got on the coach a guilty being.

At the last stage,—what is its name? I have forgotten in seven-and-thirty years,—there is an inn with a little green and trees before it; and by the trees there is an open carriage. It is our carriage. Yes, there are Prince and Blucher, the horses; and my parents in the carriage. Oh! how I had been counting the days until this one came! Oh! how happy had I been to see them yesterday! But there was that fourpence. All the journey down, the toast had choked me, and the coffee poisoned me.

I was in such a state of remorse about the fourpence, that I forgot the maternal joy and caresses, the tender paternal voice. I pull out the twenty-four shillings and eightpence with a trembling hand.

"Here's your money," I gasp out, "which Mr. P— owes you, all but fourpence. I owed three-and-sixpence to Hawker out of my money for a pencil-case, and I had none left, and I took fourpence of yours, and had some coffee at a shop."

I suppose I must have been choking whilst uttering this confession.

"My dear boy," says the governor, "why didn't you go and breakfast at the hotel?"

"He must be starved," says my mother.

I had confessed; I had been a prodigal; I had been taken back to my parents' arms again. It was not a very great crime as yet, or a very long career of prodigality; but don't we know that a boy who takes a pin which is not his own, will take a thousand pounds when occasion serves, bring his parents' grey heads with sorrow to the grave, and carry his own to the gallows? Witness the career of Dick Idle, upon whom our friend Mr. Sala has been discoursing. Dick only began by playing pitch-and-toss on a tombstone: playing fair, for what we know: and even for that sin he was promptly caned by the beadle. The bamboo was ineffectual to cane that reprobate's bad courses out of him. From pitch-and-toss he proceeded to manslaughter if necessary: to highway robbery; to Tyburn and the rope there. Ah! heaven be thanked, my parents' heads are still above the grass, and mine still out of the noose.

As I look up from my desk, I see Tunbridge Wells Common and the rocks, the strange familiar place which I remember forty years ago. Boys saunter over the green with stumps and cricket-bats. Other boys gallop by on the riding-master's hacks. I protest it is *Cramp, Riding-Master*, as it used to be in the reign of George IV., and that Centaur Cramp must be at least a hundred years old. Yonder comes a footman with a bundle of novels from the library. Are they as good as *our* novels? Oh! how delightful they were! Shades of Valancour, awful ghost of Manfroni, how I shudder at your appearance! Sweet image of Thaddeus of Warsaw,

how often has this almost infantile hand tried to depict you in a Polish cap and richly embroidered tights ! And as for Corinthian Tom in light blue pantaloons and Hessians, and Jerry Hawthorn from the country, can all the fashion, can all the splendour of real life which these eyes have subsequently beheld, can all the wit I have heard or read in later times, compare with your fashion, with your brilliancy, with your delightful grace, and sparkling vivacious rattle ?

Who knows ? They *may* have kept those very books at the library still—at the well-remembered library on the Pantiles, where they sell that delightful, useful Tunbridge ware. I will go and see. I went my way to the Pantiles, the queer little old-world Pantiles, where, a hundred years since, so much good company came to take its pleasure. Is it possible, that in the past century, gentlefolks of the first rank (as I read lately in a Lecture on George II. in this *Magazine*) assembled here and entertained each other with gaming, dancing, fiddling, and tea ? There are fiddlers, harpers, and trumpeters performing at this moment in a weak little old balcony, but where is the fine company ? Where are the earls, duchesses, bishops, and magnificent embroidered gamesters ? A half-dozen of children and their nurses are listening to the musicians ; an old lady or two in a poke bonnet passes, and for the rest, I see but an uninteresting population of native tradesmen. As for the library, its window is full of pictures of burly theologians, and their works, sermons, apologies, and so forth. Can I go in and ask the young ladies at the counter for *Manfroni*, or the *One-Handed Monk*, and *Life in London*, or the *Adventures of Corinthian Tom*, *Jeremiah Hawthorn, Esq.*, and their friend *Bob Logic* ?—absurd. I turn away abashed from the casement—from the Pantiles—no longer Pantiles, but Parade. I stroll over the Common and survey the beautiful purple hills around, twinkling with a thousand bright villas, which have sprung up over this charming ground since first I saw it. What an admirable scene of peace and plenty ! What a delicious air breathes over the heath, blows the cloud shadows across it, and murmurs through the full-clad trees ! Can the world show a land fairer, richer, more cheerful ? I see a portion of it when I look up from the window at which I write. But fair scene, green woods, bright terraces gleaming in sunshine, and purple clouds swollen with summer rain—nay, the very pages over which my head bends—disappear from before my eyes. They are looking backwards, back into forty years off, into a dark room, into a little house hard by on the Common here, in the Bartlemy-tide holidays. The parents have gone to town for two days : the house is all his own, his own and a grim old maid-servant's, and a little boy is seated at night in the lonely drawing-room—poring over *Manfroni*, or the *One-Handed Monk*, so frightened that he scarcely dares to turn round.





1780.



1790



The Prince and Princess of  
Wales.



The Regent.



The King.

